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ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino, from 1440 to 1630.* By James Dennistoun, of Dennistoun. 3 vols. London: Longman and Co.

WE know none of all the many pages of historical record which are more instructive to the diligent student than those of the Italian nations, both of earlier and of later times. At a remote period, Italy was at once the centre of civilization, and the cradle of the arts. Enthroned upon her seven hills, mighty in her legions, inexhaustible in her resources, and boundless in her sway, Rome, whether republican or imperial, exercised immense influence on the whole civilized world. Honoured in Greece, and feared in her colonies, her arms had penetrated to very remote regions. The Parthian had seen the glitter of her cohorts, and had retreated farther and farther to his wilds, unequal, at least for many ages, to successful warfare with men brave by nature and irresistible by discipline. The German found it well to retire to his primæval forests before the terror of the Italian forces; and our rude fathers, long undisturbed and secure in their insular position, discovered at length that even the fury and the terror of the deep were no barriers to Cæsar and his hosts. But at the early period to which we allude—that is, down to the decline and fall of the Roman empire—Italy governed the world no less by the excellence of her economical institutions than by the force of her arms. The people, who were invincible in war, cultivated perhaps with

greater, certainly with more enduring success, the arts of peace; and, even to this day, the great Roman jurists, in no small degree, influence the social institutions of mankind. So that, look where we will—at our law-courts, at our political and social organizations—we see much which reminds us that the ancient Italian jurist, ‘being dead, yet speaketh,’ and that his influence underlies many of our political arrangements. The swarms of barbarians emerging from the forests of Northern Europe, and who, in their successive invasions of Italy, hurled from its base the gigantic Roman power, did not, nevertheless, break the thread which connected Italy with the rest of the world. When the imperial power was overthrown, the ecclesiastical domination succeeded; and during the dark ages, the iron feudal times, Italy still ruled the European world. The crozier had taken the place of the sword in the ruling hand, and craftiest policy and intrigue effected results which, ages before, were attained by military violence alone. Through all those dim years, as we look at them with such faint light as history affords, how often do we see in the plots of the crafty, in the deeds of the cruel, on gory battle-fields, and in kings’ palaces, the ever-active Italian priests, repressing freedom of opinion, deepening the existing mental darkness, and stained with many crimes. Still, in our nineteenth century, how great an influence does the present evil genius of that sunny land exert upon all countries and societies of men; with what an iron grip does it hold down the advances of large portions of mankind! In political developments and convulsions, there is ever a trace of Italian intrigue; and indeed, among ourselves, to its direct interference, we may attribute certainly one of the angriest agitations of our own time. It is possible that, amid the various changes which political events may effect, and from the extension either of French or of Austrian power, the ultramontane influence may become almost as powerful as it was when our own Henry resisted its encroachment. Indeed, late events lead us directly to the conclusion, that this influence is increasing from day to day. What political intrigue cannot effect, force readily accomplishes, as in the invasion of Rome by the troops of the French republic: a procedure which contrasts badly with the liberal professions so vauntingly made by the chief of that government. If we are not greatly mistaken, it is just to counteract this Italian intrigue, ingenious and consummate in its audacity, that the efforts of all free government must be more and more directed; for that intrigue has ever worked to subvert liberal institutions, and to hinder the progress of mankind towards light and truth. We have seen, in our own day, how ultramontane craft and daring have excited almost to sedition Rhenish Prussia; evincing,

as they did, that priestly intolerance and ambition have lost none of their offensiveness since the Tridentine conclave. It has been patent to the world how Jesuitism has worked its dreadful work in the policy of Metternich, and, more recently, in the judicial slaughterings in Hungary, and in the great endeavour to destroy liberalism throughout Germany by the strengthening everywhere of the autocratic element: a result which we may reasonably expect to follow from the Manteuffel and Schwartzenberg conferences at Dresden. In Ireland, notwithstanding the gross wrongs of the Protestant establishment, the absenteeism of the large holders, the almost boundless pauperism of the lower orders, and the many political and social injustices which are constant there, no one can doubt that Italian policy is the leaven which ferments in the Protean forms of its agitation, and that the very best intentions of the English government, in the administration of Irish affairs, as in the instance of the priestly agitation against the new colleges, have been baffled and counterworked by the bold and offensive policy of the Papal cabinet. The Italian ecclesiastical domination is, perhaps, the reproduction, under a new form, of that ancient republican and imperial rule which held sway over the world. Constantine merely gave the imperial jurisdiction an ecclesiastical aspect and *nomenclature*; and since his day, the very air of Rome has generated and fostered the desire in its chief to rule the world, and that through the Church. So, it is clear, for more than two thousand years, Italy has exercised no small influence on the affairs of the world.

The work before us, embracing a very important portion of Italian history, cannot fail to be highly interesting at the present time, when the attention of the greater portion of our people is eagerly directed towards political and ecclesiastical proceedings in Italy; and though the subject-matter of the work is not directly connected, or at least not entirely, with Papal ambition, cruelty, and wrong, yet there is, of necessity, so much reference thereto, that we are persuaded, among intelligent readers, this work will be greatly esteemed. The three volumes into which Mr. Dennistoun has extended his narrative are indeed worthy to appear at the beginning of this year, in which the rarest and choicest specimens of the world's art and manufacture are to be assembled in London, for they are beautiful in the choicest style of the craft both of the artist and the printer. Mr. Dennistoun has spent many years in Italy, and is perfectly conversant with the language and habits, as well as with the history, of its people; and though this work is the result of immense reading, and thus, of course, to some extent, of laborious compilation, we find abundant proof that the author is quite at his ease in

narrating his lengthy, but most instructive, story. He seems to have been at great pains to search such libraries as the liberality of the monks and the courtesy of gentlemen placed at his disposal; and all his authorities—and we dare not attempt their mere enumeration—from Giovanni Sanzi to the late work of Signor Mariotti, are judiciously, perhaps sometimes copiously, used, and their errors philosophically discriminated and corrected. The volumes are dedicated to Lord Lindsay, whose work on the Progress and Development of Christian Art, and, subsequently, on the 'Lives of the Lindsays,' will be fresh in the recollection of our readers; and Mr. Dennistoun, enamoured, as it would seem, not merely of the balmy air, but also of the great handiworks, of the sweet South, has written his work from a wish to introduce to his countrymen the progress of reviving art, particularly in religious painting; and, as he himself states, 'to render accessible some details of the political and social condition of that bright land, in its golden age, hitherto unpublished, or scattered in volumes rarely met with.' With this intention, our author has entered—a little too late, perhaps—into the field of literature; for, if we mistake not, the check which the clamour against the Papal agitation in this country will undoubtedly give to the Tractarian tendencies of the younger clergy, will also put a stop to the partial revival of mediæval style and sculpture in our ecclesiastical erections. We trace this partial revival to the Puseyite movement of the last ten years; and we know not, in our entire lack of *dilettanti-penchant*, to predicate whether a return to the style of the monastic architecture in our public buildings is for good or for evil. There has been, we doubt not, an expression of much sickly sentimentality on this subject. We go readily to extremes. Moderation does not satisfy us. We must be entirely imitative, according to our modern custom, of all that to which the judges of artistic taste and skill among us have set their seal. All classes of society have been, more or less, infected by the morbid desire for imitating whatever the sun shone upon during the middle ages. In churches, school-rooms, railway-stations, institutions—in whatever the cunning workmen put their hands to—we see continually the monastic idea, till we almost wonder that the 'chambers of the East' have not an oriel-window for the sun to shine through at his rising. Now, we do not find fault with Mr. Dennistoun for enlightening his countrymen, through the pages of his beautiful work now before us, on so fascinating a subject as the history of Religious Art; nor are we blind to the exquisite beauty of much which the middle ages have bequeathed to us. The 'Romish' temples of the South, the grand columns, the fretted roofs, the tessellated pavements, and, above all, the glowing canvass of immortal

limners—these will always command the admiration and reverence of men of taste ; but we are quite tired of the present extensive imitation of these things. He who desires to acquire information, carefully collected, and well presented, on the Religious Art, will find much in these volumes which will fully and satisfactorily instruct him. Such a study will always amply repay him who pursues it, by not only refining the taste, but by indirectly teaching the domestic progress of a people ; for, perhaps, the public and private buildings of a nation, in the gradual improvement of them, are more instructive than its written annals of its growth from barbarism and nomadic habits towards the refinement and the elegancies of a true civilization. Peculiarly is this the case in the private buildings, the homes of the people. In a rude or half-barbarous age, men live gregariously, or if in societies, closely, as the prairie-dogs ; their dwellings are raised but little above the earth—close, ill-ventilated, confined. In a civilized age, they build loftily and extensively ; their dwellings are detached and roomy, and light and oxygen are in high estimation. By way of example, we might contrast the houses of Mayfair, where refinement is at the highest, with the close and unhealthy Syrian huts so graphically pictured by Aubrey de Vere, in his inimitable volumes on Eastern travel. But, it may be asked, why, then, is a barbarous age so productive of cathedrals, of churches, and of works of religious art ? We reply : These were designed and built by men who were above the surrounding barbarism ; the men who had at their command libraries and manuscripts, and to whom we are immensely indebted, as the conservators of science and art, that the works of the glorious past have come down to us—the works of poets and orators, the stars of that wondrous past, which we would not willingly let perish. These were the men, dark-stoled and ascetical, and by their high profession ever in warfare with the evils of the gross physical and degraded spiritual, who were, in many instances, our mediæval architects and builders, and who made even the structures of their Church the symbols of divine realities ; for, in their gorgeous tracery and groining, their elaborate carving and decoration, and in their

‘ Storied windows richly dight,’

they embodied their grand religious ideas. We cannot attempt to solve the often-perplexing enigma of chancel, porch, and altar-piece ; but, as we have said, the lovers of antique religious art will find very much to gratify them in these volumes ; to which we will now proceed to give more particular attention.

Urbino is a town in the Papal States, built on that projection of the Apennines which extends into the valley of the Metauro,

about twenty miles from the coast of the Adriatic. At present, its chief importance arises from the fact of its being the repository of some antique and rare inscriptions and sculptures; but, for more than two hundred years, this town was the seat of government for the duchy of the same name. At the close of the fourteenth century, the family of Montefeltro became *entitled* to the duchy; and in their little capital its dukes long held a small but brilliant court, to which were invited the men most conspicuous in their time for scientific attainment. Finding there a calm and not undignified retreat from the vicissitudes, the passions, and the tumults of the world, as if under the ægis of a divinity favouring their genius, they cultivated those delightful pursuits, and wrought those imperishable works, which make even the Italy of to-day, prostrate as she is from the pedestal of her ancient fame, to be still great and reverend among the nations, as the nursery of the humanizing arts, and the birth-place of poetry and song. In that dim time, when the twilight of the middle ages was slowly merging into the morning of civilization, it was well that learning and art, too much confined to the monks and to the sombre atmosphere of the religious houses, the cloisters, whose sickly air nurtured not freedom, should have also a laical extension, and that for them there should be a place and home of repose for whom the confusion of camps, the circle of the tournament, and the din of war, had no charms. Much, indeed, are we indebted to those who lived, in some instances, afar from the ecclesiastical seclusions; to those unprofessional men who, at the dawn of civilization, retired from the busy haunts of men, and from military association, to their tranquil studies, and to those parchments which have now such a wondrous value in our eyes; and who, comparatively unmolested, excavated for us from amid the confusion and rubbish of monastic libraries, the works of the great masters of the perished classic world. One cannot without gratitude look at their surviving manuscripts, carefully and beautifully written. Like the rough-handed sons of toil, in our own day, unknown and unhonoured by the nation, who hollow out tunnels, raise aerial bridges, and construct our vast modern works—so these, in their secluded homes, or under the fostering care of some enlightened potentate, first opened the long-hidden mines of knowledge, that we, who follow them, might easily arrive at the golden ore beneath. Great works are, for the most part, quietly wrought; the chisel and the pencil, producing matchless beauty, toil noiselessly; their progress frets not the public ear. They who, of old time, laboured among the rocky Andes for those precious metals which, circulating through Europe, have, these many years, decorated nobility and beauty, or which have been current

money with the merchant, are most of them unknown. So the men of marvellous labour, who toiled over the ancient scrolls in copying for us those manuscripts either of classic or of scholastic lore which we now so highly value, are generally unknown. They worked their life-work, and when, at last, that calm sleep came, which we call death, no kind hand chronicled their departure ; but their handiwork alone silently testifies to their incessant toil. These were they who found in the little court of Urbino a happy retreat and home. Here they copied chronicles of times earlier than their own, or recorded the events of their own day, or awakened the muse to song. A brighter spot we have not in all these times, than this duchy ; and it is refreshing to see how the arts of peace flourished amid constant hostilities, just as in the desert the weary pilgrim is gladdened to find, among the inhospitable sand-wastes, herbage and a fountain.

It may be interesting, perhaps, to our readers that we should take a hasty view of the state of society in Italy at the time (1444) when the gallant Frederigo was elevated to the dukedom of Urbino. Ignorance and superstition had long hung, like heavy mists, over the ultramontane peninsula, and over Europe ; but, here and there, the dawn of civilization was beginning faintly to appear. The political condition of the people was miserable in the extreme. As laborious and useful machines, they tilled the fields, and wrought for their imperious lords ; or, when these fell out among themselves—and wars are frequent, or otherwise, as a nation is barbarous or not—they fought and bled in defence of his banner under whose dominion they were born. Society was everywhere out of joint. Surrounded by the relics of a former grandeur, the people murmured against their oppressors as men murmur in dreams. Commerce was strangled by the rough hand of war. On the Arno and the Po there was but scanty traffic. The interchange of commodities was rare and rude. A few persons wove that tapestry which a later age far surpassed in design and in execution. The precious metals circulated on a barbarous system. The implements of husbandry, and of domestic use generally, betokened an uncivilized period ; but the kindly earth, almost unsought, poured from her bounteous bosom enough to supply the needs of the present ; and they who were reckless of plenty in hand, had but little anxiety and showed but little prudential care for the future. The cities and larger towns were walled and garrisoned. Defence was necessary for safety. It were scarcely an exaggeration, in describing the society of the time, to say that each man's hand was against his fellow. The villages and hamlets were often a prey to the forays of successive freebooters. Fuller information than we can afford on this subject may be

obtained from the pages of Sismondi and Raumer, how the rival factions of Guelphs and Guibelines agitated the entire peninsula—factions which were the embodiments of contradictory political doctrines, appearing and re-appearing more or less in all ages and in all states—the antagonism of the aristocratic and democratic elements ;—and from the work before us much information may be gained of that wretched condottiere-system, the most decided proof we can discover of the extreme degradation and barbarism of the times, of ever-recurring hostilities, and of the insecurity of all private property and private interests. By this system our author writes—‘Any bold baron or experienced captain, having formed round his banner a corps of tried and daring spirits, leased his services and their own for a stipulated term and price. Their whole arrangements being avowedly mercenary, they had no patriotism, no preference for standards or watchwords. The highest offer secured them, and when their engagement expired, or their pay fell into arrear, they were free to pass over to the enemy, or seek any other master. But, besides their fixed stipend, they had perquisites from the hazards of war ; the ransom of rich prisoners accrued to the leaders, while the soldiery were glutted by the occasional booty of a sacked city.’ (Pp. 12, 13.) Unhappy land, ever subject to the feverish excitement of war—the prey of savage hordes, distracted by cruel factions, lying passive beneath the iron heel of the spoiler, forgetful of olden glory, and fired to no heroic resistance by the speaking memorials of her former fame, scattered everywhere among her people ;—how little differs the groaning Italy of mediæval time from the same fair land in our own day, the prey of Austrian, of Pontiff, and of that relentless tyrant whose banners still drip with Sicilian carnage !

A single glance at these facts will show the utter impossibility of a flourishing commerce or a true civilization in a society in which the volcano of war was continually eruptive ; for the sword and the ploughshare are ever antagonistic, and the sweet notes of peace are hushed by the tocsin of political discord. But the spirit of the age was utterly martial. A man was estimated as his lance had won the guerdon in the tournament, or as his pennon had been conspicuous where the press of battle was closest and the strife was fiercest on well-foughten fields. Thus, the worst passions which can injure and disgrace mankind were in the ascendant, and ferocity ruled where, otherwise, humanity had smiled. At this period, too, the whole south of Europe was in anxiety, if not in terror, at the constant advances of the Ottoman arms. A tribe of barbarians, emerging from the wastes of Arabia, had already overrun the north of Africa, and had for a long period held the fairest province of Spain, till their name

had become a terror even to princes whose lands were far removed from the presence of the Mahomedan sword. In the East, converting the nomad tribes and the half-civilized towns to the faith of the Koran, or else exterminating their unwilling people, they had occupied Syria, and the lands which the Bosphorus only divided from Europe. Successive crusades had been undertaken, to drive back to their wastes the hosts of the infidel. The banner of the Teuton and the Gaul had fluttered side by side with the St. George's red-cross flag before Acre and Ascalon, and the battle-axe of the royal Lion-heart had been the terror of the Paynim host; but, after the expenditure of immense treasure and the slaughter of thousands of Europe's chivalry, the martial flower of the age, the crescent still glittered where the true cross was raised, and the ancient but dishonoured Salem remained a stronghold for the Arabian creed. Every year, the Ottoman forces advanced towards Europe, till already the Osmanlis seemed to have tainted the very breezes of the South. There had been various combinations of republics and of princes to stem this torrent of infidel invasion; but still the crescent overcame the cross, and the turbaned warriors threw a haughty and a frequent defiance at the European chivalry. Oddantonio, the first Duke of Urbino, had already slept with his fathers, and Frederigo had for some time held the government of the duchy, when Mahomet II., advancing step by step, laid siege to Constantinople. To quote from the work before us:—

‘Europe was now startled by an event which exposed Italy to peculiar peril. The Eastern Empire had long been falling into feeble senility, and in proportion as her vigour relaxed and her frontier receded, the crescent extended its domination, and menaced the Bosphorus. The Greeks appealed for aid to Western Christendom: but men's enthusiasm had become selfishness; the crusading spirit was extinct, and the cry echoed unheeded along the Mediterranean shores. The siege of Constantinople by Mahomet II., a barbarian endowed with qualities which would have shone in any sphere, might have been prevented or raised by very moderate efforts of the Italian powers; and it was not until the loss of that great capital that they perceived the folly of their neglect, which had sacrificed the best bulwark of Europe against Ottoman aggression. But, besides this general consternation, the maritime republics staggered beneath the blow, for it annihilated that trade with the Archipelago and the Euxine which had crowded their ports and filled their coffers; and when Constantinople fell, many wealthy Christian merchants, there resident, were stripped of their property, and passed into menial slavery.’—Vol. i. p. 100.

Thus fell that magnificent city, which had been founded in an age when many fondly hoped the time was near at hand wherein men should no more draw the sword against each other—for not a few had dreamed then that the glorious prediction of Hebrew

prophets should be accomplished to the very letter of its symbolical expression ; and that men, universally, should beat their 'swords into ploughshares,' and their 'spears into pruning-hooks.' But the ancient faith, in which that city had been reared, was to be driven out by the sword ; and the descendants of those fiery children of the desert, who had already conquered all the southern and eastern shore of the Mediterranean, won by their scimitars, and have since held, that city of profuse magnificence.

Frederigo was accepted as the successor to duke Oddantonio in 1444, at a remarkable period, but to be followed by one still more remarkable ; for, in the next half century, Christopher Columbus opened the gates of the new world to the horrors of Spanish conquest, and to the murky light of Spanish civilization. Early connected with the Sforza family, and, as we learn from his laudatory poets, Sanzi and Porcellio, a knight of our English order of the Garter, with which he was invested by our Edward IV., Frederigo ruled his duchy during almost forty years. Illustrious by military successes, and skilful in diplomatic intrigue, he was also the patron of learned men and of the liberal arts. From the meagre account of him by Baldi, we are inclined to believe that the duke was one of the most popular men of his age ; and while his court was a model for princely magnificence, his people were well cared for. His city—attractive to European literati, and, in after years, a residence for some time of the ill-starred Chevalier de St. George—he beautified by a palace which, with its spire-capped tower, catches and fixes the eye of the tourist as he journeys from Tuscany to Urbino—a building which even the magnificent Lorenzo de' Medici deigned to imitate. We have to notice the character of Frederigo chiefly as that of a collector of the rarest and most valuable manuscript : a pursuit which, in that age, was impeded by obstacles neither few nor trifling. Of the best works there were but few copies, and these were scattered in the gloomy recesses of convent-libraries throughout Christendom. When printing was rare, and books were few, manuscripts would be tedious in preparation, and costly to procure ; but Frederigo was not a man to be easily daunted or baffled by any difficulties. Availing himself of that catalogue which Thomas of Sarzana, afterwards Nicholas V., and the founder of the Vatican, had prepared, he had already collected, after fourteen years of labour and expenditure, and in the constant employ of more than thirty transcribers the choicest classical works, the writings of Fathers, controversialists, and schoolmen, and of the chief Italian poets, whose names are venerated by all lovers of the true and the beautiful. He spent thirty thousand ducats in the formation and binding of this library ; and, indeed, in the binding and decorations of the

volumes he showed great taste, as we gather from the chronicles of a gossiping agent employed in this work, who narrates that the duke ordered every book to be bound in crimson decorated with silver. Particularly must we mention his magnificent copy of the Vulgate with arabesque ornaments, brilliantly illuminated by Perugino, and which is now one of the treasured beauties of the Vatican Library; and the Hebrew Bible from the Urbino collection, also in the Vatican, executed in the thirteenth century, and for which Philip II. offered twenty thousand scudi. All writers of literary history speak highly of the intelligence and liberality of this duke. Accustomed, as their equal, to discuss with his courtiers the theological and philosophical subjects of the day, he became the idol, as he was the patron, of literary men. Bringing fugitive Greeks to his court, that there they might teach their honied tongue, and handsomely rewarding all who excelled as painters and sculptors, he made his court an asylum for the gifted and the learned whom political troubles or other adversities had driven from their homes. Thus, though engaged, according to the fashion of the times, in frequent wars, he cultivated the arts of peace; and, through all his long reign, he was honoured and beloved by those in whose esteem thought was stronger than armies, and by whom learning and art were higher ranked than victories and military spoils. He died of fever, in 1482.—But it is not our purpose to follow the course of Italian history, and to trace the influence of the duchy upon other states, nor to specify the various causes which contributed to the repose of Italy until the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. We refer our readers to the volumes before us for that satisfactory information on this portion of Italian history, which our present limits do not permit us to present.

It were impossible for the historian of the Italian states, when recording the events of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, to forget the great influence which literature and art exerted during those periods. When the night of the dark ages was gradually receding before the dawn of civilization, men awoke to great mental activity; and, like pioneers, who form roads over morasses and through forests, the benefit of which subsequent ages inherit and enjoy; so athletic minds toiled for us in the grey morning-time of awakening knowledge and of reviving art, constructing the crude forms of lexicon and glossary which a future age used and improved. The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries produced much scholastic philosophy and much fruitless discussion, based on the ancient Aristotelian method; but they gave birth to but few, comparatively, whom we can designate as strong in thought and rich in creative faculty. Ancient art, wearied by its endless productiveness, lay down to a long repose when the barbarian

invasions desolated the Ausonian lands, and struck down for ever the eagle of the Cæsars; but after that long and feverish night, in which even the cross in the hands of the priests had a sharp edge, and when feudalism restrained commerce and ignored the rights of man, art arose, as in the freshness of youth; and the impartial historian certainly must record that she was fostered and flourished as much under the care of tyrannous kings as of factious republics. Florence and Venice, in the days of their prowess and glory, shed a cheering light upon literature and art; and even in courts where popular freedom, as we now understand those words, either was unknown or was reprobated; the courts of Urbino and of the Sforza, of Malatesta and Gonzaga; that kindly patronage was liberally bestowed on scientific men which was denied them in the republics of Lucca and Genoa. With the exception of the Venetian commonwealth, conspicuous not more for her martial distinction than for her tender care of manuscript and sculpture, perhaps science developed itself more fully and speedily in the autocratic than in the republican states. For when these republics were rent by intestine discords, or engaged in barbarous hostilities with each other—those wars, which have ever dwarfed freedom, curtailed of ‘her fair proportion’;—Frederigo of Urbino, as we have seen, and Lorenzo and Cosmo de’ Medici, formed libraries at immense cost, collected the treasured scrolls of the wondrous past, and opened their palaces as havens for expatriated or unfriended genius. Even Dante, the tones of whose harp still vibrate through his sorrowing fatherland, fled away from Florentine faction, and sought refuge where popular clamour could not assail, nor popular fickleness grieve him. Classical literature, which, at the revival of letters, was the subject of almost universal study, speedily effected a great change in the thought and style of all literary men. Plato and Aristotle became the watchwords of rival schools. A pedantic use of their phraseologies was common in those schools; and men thought and spoke in the very form of words which had been used in the days of Athenian glory and magnificence. Philology grew slowly into a science; and grammars gradually were constructed by those mediæval Titans who delved and built from the ruins of a perished world. The lords of Urbino were active and zealous in the new pursuit. They foresaw its immense results; and there lived not a few in their duchy whose names are great among the thinkers, and whose works rank high among the artists, of the world. The typographic art had been introduced into Urbino in 1480; Francesco Venturini, an inhabitant of that town, was the first who wrote a complete Latin grammar. Raffaele and Michael Angelo were his pupils. Polydoro di Vergilio, archdeacon of Wells,

was also born at Urbino. We introduce him to our readers, because, at the command of Henry VII., he wrote a Latin history of England, the manuscript of which is preserved in the Vatican. The names of two eminent men at the court of Urbino are still remembered by the learned, and are still highly esteemed: Castiglione, the Chesterfield of Italy; and Bembo, the historian, poet, and rhetorician, sometime secretary to Leo, and raised by him to the rank of cardinal. His style has been severely criticised; his pedantry has been often rebuked; and Lipsius points out many errors in his letters, which evince but a partial acquaintance with the purities of the masters of classical literature. Bembo made Cicero his constant study; his model, indeed; and he carried his study of that orator and philosopher to so great an extent, that he came at length to be the most exclusive Cicero-nian of his age; so much so, that, when alluding to ecclesiastical topics, he adapted heathen phraseologies to Christian doctrines and to ecclesiastical usage and ceremonial. Elegance in Bembo degenerated into fastidious purity of style. He arranged his sentences and set his adjectives like a literary drill-serjeant.

We have neither time nor space to allude to the Urbino poets; for the critic cannot justly do otherwise than censure the pedantic sonnets, as the moralist must condemn their obscene authors, who either placed their muse at the feet of the reigning power, or wedded it to lust and vice. We must, however, bring to notice the mediæval religious art, so far chiefly it was developed in Urbino. During the dark ages, the limners exercised their art principally on religious subjects; taking their idea either from Scripture history, or from those pages in which it was written how a martyr had preferred the truth to his life, and had chosen death rather than belie his conscience and deny his God; or how a holy woman had quenched the passions of her sex within her, and had given herself, by an oath of perpetual virginity, to the offices of a life-long charity and to the service of the Church. Not as yet, or but rarely, had the painter turned from the annals of his Church, or from those ancient traditionary memorials in which it was told how martyrs and confessors had died for their faith, to study the wondrous volume of nature; not as yet had men, in whom genius lived, mused thoughtfully on the far-drawn glories of the setting sun, the tinting of the summer evening, nor had that genius looked inquiringly at the thickly-studded glories of the nightly sky revolving in their everlasting anthem to the Highest; and not as yet had artist-men pondered by the wild sea, and learnt to picture forth its calm or its storm, the beauty of its repose, and the sweep of its agitated billows. But the masters of the Umbrian and Sienese schools aimed only at a Christian ideal. Their fancy roamed not to

waving harvest-fields and quiet dales, not to roaring torrents and deep-shadowed bosage, nor to white-walled towns whose spires showed ruddily in the glowing eventide; but they drew their conceptions from the cold cavern where the rigid saint dwelt in perpetual winter, hoping to win God's heaven by making a hell of God's earth; from the lonely cell where pious eremite prayed and pined; or from the chilly dungeon where the holy were in chains, or from the arena where they died. Sometimes, their genius fed its flame from the lamp of the Everlasting Word, and then the artist's pencil showed how the woman of Magdala wept penitentially at His feet who had 'power on earth to forgive sin'; how a widow begged Him, by whom no second entreaty was required, to give her back from the gates of death her only child, the darling of her lonely life, and the hope and solace of her declining years; how Peter, in his passionate love for the Nazarene, as He found a safe pathway on the crested waters of the inland sea, essayed to equal Him whose ready hand rescued the fisherman from death; or sometimes that genius imaged forth the agony and the conquest at Calvary, the darkened sky, the bloody cross, and the dying LORD; or showed how He, 'who robbed the grave of victory,' broke away from the captivity of death, because it was not possible that he could be holden of its chain; brought life and immortality to light; and opening, in his triumph, the 'gates of mercy to mankind,'

'Pointed to brighter worlds, and led the way.'

Sometimes, too, the rapt fancy of the artist pictured, to a wondering age, upon his glowing canvass, the home and the employ of the blest—a calm and constant joy, of which ancient song had never warbled when it told the heathen good of Happy Western Isles—and showed how, around the sapphire-throne, the blissful martyrs rested from their labours; and how, their fiery trial past, the holy Twelve dwelt with their loved Master in those 'many mansions,' from which they shall go forth no more for ever. These were the subjects those mediæval limners, faithful children of their Church, loved to portray on abbey-walls and on high altars. In many cases, the hand of the artist never touched his colours till he had invoked more than mortal aid, and till a hallowed feeling ruled his soul. Even when sublime conceptions were begotten within him, he dared not body them forth as his genius might prompt him; for the Holy Office, during the sixteenth century, exercised the strictest censorship over all works of religious art, and all, however exquisitely wrought, which in the least contradicted the traditions, or offended against the canons, of the Church, were ruthlessly destroyed. For the tyrannous priests of the Italian hierarchy—who

once threw Galileo into prison because he said the world moved, though the Church, ever infallible, had decreed otherwise—fearful lest a picture should teach a new truth to the people, put even genius in chains. The art of teaching by pictures had been early known, and had long been used: a mode of instruction, perhaps, not unsuited to convey great truths to the ignorant and simple, and which was no slight addition to the various sources of instruction the Church possessed. But the mystic or religious ideal ceased to satisfy the artist when civilization dawned upon the world; and not only were portraits painted, but especially, under the fostering patronage of the Medici, the strictly-devotional painting gave place to works produced on the models of classical antiquity. The great genius of Michael Angelo was devoted to this ‘new manner,’ as it was termed; showing, as he did, that there is no reason *à priori* why art should be consecrated to devotion, or to the high service of religion; but that while he takes them as the subjects for his study, the artist may learn much from the grand remains of a vanished mythology. It was among the Umbrian Hills that religious art wrought and reigned, till Raffaele brought it to its perfection. Of late, the Germans have done much to revive the love for religious art, which had grown cold in the earlier part of this practical and utilitarian century; and they have clearly shown the power of the Umbrian school in that art, tracing its growth and greatness, from the primal anchorite-sketchings to the glorious conceptions of Raffaele. In the second volume of these Urbino Memoirs the reader will find—and Mr. Dennistoun seems to have gone to his æsthetical task *con amore*—clear and satisfactory accounts of these wondrous men, who never touched the pallet till they had offered up ‘orisons for divine influence,’ whose pencils ‘embodied the language of prayer,’ and who, in the words of Michael Angelo, ‘must have studied in heaven the faces which they depicted on earth.’ It was in Urbino, and under the patronage of the Montefeltrian dukes, that these immortal limners executed their conceptions. Giotto and Gentile da Fabriano laboured there; and while Francisco di Giorgio beautified the ducal home with pencil and chisel, his fertile mind suggested military improvements, and designed fortresses on a greatly-improved system. To Giovanni Sanzi, the epic poet, we have already alluded; but we have to refer to him as an artist also, and whom, perhaps, we ought to class among the Umbrian school. His artistic education seems to have been deficient, though true genius depends not on adventitious circumstances. He has left behind him no mean specimens of correct conception and skilful delineation. His expression does not want grace; his forms are slender; the hands and feet in his pictures are

exquisitely delicate ; but his outlines are occasionally too rigid, and his tints too sombre and heavy.

We pass to his son, Raffaele, who was born at Urbino, in 1483. Various writers have corrupted the orthography of this master's name. The English fashion of writing it Raffaele is, it would seem, an error originated by Sir Joshua Reynolds. There were but a few works of the older masters in the duchy which could appropriately form a school for young Sanzi's study ; but from his father he received instruction in at least the rudiments of art. Soon, however, losing him, he was sent to Perugia to study under Vannucci, known as Perugino. After some time very profitably spent in Perugino's study, and when he had already laid the foundation of his fame by various youthful efforts, Raffaele was engaged by the Oddi family, at Perugia, to paint, as an altar-piece, the Coronation of the Madonna, which is now among the treasures of the Vatican. Repairing to Florence, the cradle and school of perfect art, the young painter associated with others, spirits kindred to his own, who were at that time rapidly attaining, or who had already reached, fame. Leonardo da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Ridolfo, were producing their matchless works ; and for more than three years, the young artist of Urbino dwelt with these, and lit his torch at their undying lamp. Invited, subsequently, to Perugia, he designed and finished his grand altar-pieces ; one of which decorates Blenheim, and the other is a glory of the Borghese Collection. Perhaps at this time, that is, from 1504-6, Raffaele executed his ' Christ in the Garden,' ' St. George Slaying the Dragon,' some small ' Madonnas,' and ' The Holy Family.' In 1508, Raffaele repaired to Rome, where Julius II. was engaged in building the metropolitan church of the Catholic world, and which was designed to be the pride of Christendom and the wonder of the age. He invited the genius and skill of Europe to his aid ; and while Michael Angelo and Bramante consecrated their talent to its adornment, Raffaele also went thither to leave the glories of his art in that magnificent shrine—those marvellous works, before which we feel as if in some august presence, or our hearts are lifted up as when we have stood among ' the everlasting hills,' where Nature is enthroned in an awful grandeur, by the rushing waterfall, or among the icy crags. Here, in mural paintings, and in the tapestry-cartoons possessed by this country, the great artist won his fame ; for when the Pope, who had summoned him to Rome, had passed to the tomb, his successor fully occupied the fertile genius of Raffaele. He was appointed curator of the antiquities of the city, and the general superintendence of the building of St. Peter's was committed to him. He continued at Rome till 1520, the darling of the Pope, and all but worshipped for his transcen-

dent genius. His last work was the decoration of what is now the Farnese Villa, but which was at that time the abode of Chigi, the banker. An attack of fever, brought on by attending to consult with the Pope in a cold saloon, carried off 'the most gentle and most eminent painter' from the scene of his toils and glories. Nothing was ever produced from his pencil offensive to religious feeling. He laboured for the defence of his faith. His genius was, from its dawn to its setting hour, consecrated to the highest service. A 'bright particular star,' he shines with no borrowed light. The age in which he lived was not remarkable for purity of morals; his associates were more vicious than virtuous, for the public morality was universally lax. Discarding the ridiculous, and perhaps malicious, stories of his ill-fame, but admitting the probability of his occasional frailty, since even the sun has obscurations; we may say of him, than whom Urbino produced never a man greater or nobler, nor Italy an artist more conspicuous among all her gifted children, that he left

'No work which, dying, he would wish to blot.'

The great genius and fame of Raffaele had attracted to a permanent residence in Rome multitudes of artists from the Catholic countries, who became there eager and successful students, forming what we may, perhaps not improperly, style the Raffaele School. The remarkable sweetness of that great man's disposition, and his constant affability, linked these inferior spirits to him by no fragile bonds. But, as 'the fashion of this world passeth away,' so this delightful society of those whom genius made kindred was destined speedily and for ever to be dissolved. This harmony of brother-souls was unbroken while the great master lived, and his life, as we have seen, came hastily and sadly to an end. Soon after his departure, a dark cloud, charged with tempest, 'a sable cloud of war,' lowered over Northern Italy; and in the bursting of this tempest-darkness, the constable Bourbon, at the head of twenty-six thousand greedy ruffians, invaded the Papal States and swooped upon Rome. The seven-hilled city, incapable of vigorous resistance, made a few palsied movements in her own defence; but the furious invaders, when the traitor Bourbon had fallen in the assault by the hand, it is said, of Benvenuto Cellini, burst into the city, which a few thousand Swiss troops, had they not departed in disgust from the Papal service, might easily and successfully have defended. The Imperialists, whose sole aim was plunder, enraged at the death of Bourbon, and knowing that the army of the League and the Duke of Urbino were at no great distance, forced their way along those ancient streets; and easily beating the timid Italian levies,

and dispersing such citizens as dared still to resist, their forces, battalion after battalion, passed the ill-guarded walls, marching, we may imagine, to their battle-song:—

‘Up, up, with the lily,
And down with the keys;
In old Rome, the seven-hilly,
We’ll revel at ease.
Her streets shall be gory,
Her Tiber all red,
And her temples so hoary
Shall clang with our tread.’

The Pontiff and his Cardinals, soldiers and citizens, a mingled mass of fugitives, rushed to the Castle of St. Angelo; and the unhappy city saw deeds of blood and of shame done within her walls, which had scarcely been equalled by the merciless barbarians in the days of her ancient conquest and fall.

‘The delight of these sacrilegious villains, especially of the German Lutherans, was to outrage everything holy. The churches and chapels, including the now blood-stained St. Peter’s, were desecrated into stables, taverns, or brothels; and the choirs, whence no sounds had breathed but the elevating chant of prayer and praise, rang with base ribaldry and blasphemous imprecations. The grand creations of religious art were wantonly insulted or damaged; the reliquaries and miraculous images were pillaged or defaced. Nay, a poor priest was inhumanly murdered for his firm refusal to administer the blessed sacrament to an ass. Nor was any respect paid to persons or party feelings. The subjects of the Emperor who happened to be in Rome, the adherents of the Colonna and other Ghibelline leaders, were all involved in the general fate. Four Cardinals attached to that faction had declined entering St. Angelo, calculating that they would not only

“Guide the whirlwind and direct the storm,”

but, peradventure, promote their own interests in the *melée*. They were, however, miserably mistaken, for they, too, were held to ransom; and one of them (Araceli), after being often led through the streets tied on a donkey, behind a common soldier, was carried to church with mock funereal rites, when the office of the dead was read over his living body, and an oration pronounced, wherein, for eulogy, were loathsomely related all the real or alleged immoralities of his past life. Another outrage in especial repute with the Germans, was a ribald procession, in which some low buffoon in sacred vestments was borne shoulder-high, scattering mock benedictions among the mob, amid shouts of “Long live Luther.”—[Admitting many of the gross details, it is clear to what sources our author has been for his information.]—Vol. iii. pp. 15, 16.

This fearful sack of the Papal city dispersed ‘the goodly company of painters,’ and scattered far and wide the members of

Raffaele's school. But the reputation of Urbino, as a nursery for art, was speedily revived and continued by the brothers Zuccaro, Fran. Baroccio, and Carlo Ridolfi. It is interesting to observe the fostering care which the Dukes of Urbino bestowed on Michael Angelo Buonarotti, Titian, and others, whose 'pencils, pregnant with celestial hues,' have bequeathed to their sunny Southern land beauties glowing as its own unclouded sky. It were a pleasing task, to show how illustrious this little Urbino duchy has been rendered by its association with the great men of our modern world, whose handiworks are the glory of our common humanity, and whose thought has given a healthful impulse to all societies of men. Not seldom does Nature, rarely prodigal of her higher gifts, cast her noblest children forth upon the wild; not seldom are the early days of poets, philosophers, and artists spent in poverty and sorrow; and not seldom, indeed, has cruel Might driven forth to a hopeless exile those whose thaumaturgic thought can better serve the true interests of all thrones, than the sword and the lance, the army and the fleet. Such men never in vain sought shelter from the Montefeltrian dukes. Venice, Genoa, and Lucca, might close their gates against the fugitive children of painting and of song; but the humble Urbino sheltered them from the vengeance of the pursuer, and was ever a city of refuge, during the two centuries of her splendid prosperity, for those sons of science and of art, whom magnates feared and republics banned. While the duchy produced such men as Comandino, Paciotti, Baldi, and Bonaventura, it could also boast of giving a kindly shelter to Ariosto and Tasso.—Our limits have permitted but an occasional reference to the political history of Urbino. A few words will suffice to tell of its declining glory under its last duke, till, after 'this little state had enjoyed two hundred and twenty years of a prosperity unknown to the neighbouring communities,' her rulers, beloved by their people, and respected by European potentates generally; the people themselves tranquil, contented, and happy; the metropolis, the home of art, the Athens of Italy; the duchy became merged in the Papal States, and, since that sad devolution, genius has been blighted in her towns, freedom has withered by her hearths, and contentment has fled from her people.

We congratulate Mr. Dennistoun on the happy execution of his labour, and on the publication of his beautiful volumes, which are worthy the attention of all lovers of art, and of those, too, who are interested in the now oft-changing lights and shadows of the mourning Italian lands. These Memoirs cannot be read but with pleasure and profit. Our author is, perhaps, sometimes too one-sided; and, occasionally, he allows his disgust

at the late proceedings of a few among the Italian patriots almost to blind his perception to the detestable enormities of the Papal system, past and present, and which we proclaim the foe alike of God and man. We would heartily commend these Urbino Memoirs to the attention of all to whom religious art in particular, and Italian history in general, are attractive themes.

- ART. II.—1. *Œuvres de Bourdaloue*. 3 vols. royal 8vo. Paris: Didot.
2. *Œuvres Complètes de Massillon*. 6 vols. Idem.

BEFORE Bourdaloue had raised the pulpit eloquence of his country to that perfection which it attained during his lifetime, France possessed in this branch of literature but a few scattered fragments, more remarkable for vigour of thought than for purity of style or learned and logical arrangement of argument and proof. If, at the present day, the preachers of France, with two or three brilliant exceptions, seem to take pleasure in quenching, under the scrupulously correct but icy forms of a cold and inanimate art, the electrical effusions of genius and the high-soaring flights of imagination; if too much occupied with the harmony of their periods, they restrict their ministry to a certain intoxication of the ear, and never seek to project the light of gospel truth into those dark and noisome abysses, wherein the uncontrolled vices and passions of their frivolous fellow-countrymen hold riotous company; on the other hand, the pulpit orators of the latter part of the sixteenth, and beginning of the seventeenth, centuries, took not sufficient thought of the legitimate requirements of a sound and healthy literature. A more severely correct taste was all that the terrible haranguers of the League required, in order to attain to the loftiest summits of sacred eloquence. But at a period, like that stormy epoch of French history, when the tongue was a two-edged sword, men thought rather of striking at once and forcibly the mark they aimed at, than of carefully disposing the means which would lead them thereto, by slower, though not less certain, gradations. Besides, the general excitement and exaltation of the auditors exempted the orator from the necessity of employing those thousand industrious precautions, the use of which cannot be neglected when he is in presence of a less passionate congregation. But for what pur-

pose, we may ask, would rules have served in a discourse addressed to a Leaguer congregation? The arguments and circumlocutions of rhetoric would only have fretted and provoked an excited populace, which awaited but the signal to rush into the heat of the fray.

The popular orators and preachers of the League succeeded in their aim, through the aid of volcanic eruptions of eloquence, ever mingled, it is true, with ashes and smoke, yet, for all that, possessing a marvellous power of quickly and surely inflaming all hearts and all imaginations. Let the student of French history, if he entertain any doubt as to the truth of our statement, but turn, for an instant, to the few sermons of the sixteenth century which have escaped oblivion, and he will be convinced that we have characterised them justly. Their end was less to demonstrate the truths of Christianity than to impel to the hatred and extinction of Protestantism; and, as about the same period, Greek and Latin letters enjoyed a high degree of vogue in France, we find the introduction of a certain ostentatious erudition occasionally abating the orator's bursts of passion, and subduing, in some measure, the thunders of his eloquence; while some few brilliant sentences would, at intervals, it is true, sparkle forth from out this strange heterogeneous mass of quotations, in which sacred and profane history were jumbled together in the most grotesque and inextricable confusion. This pedantic garb gave place, on several occasions, to a more severe and healthy style of oratory, during which periods, the preacher, having divested himself of his harlequin's jacket of fragments borrowed from Greece, Rome, and Judea, and being freed from all extraneous ornament, would proceed towards his end with a rapid and assured step.

An impassioned and seductive, though impure and incorrect style, and a monstrous abuse of erudition, are the two principal characteristics of the French pulpit eloquence of the sixteenth century; transferred to the street and market-place, it reflected all their disordered oscillations, without ever succeeding in thoroughly divesting itself of its classical reminiscences. It was, as it were, an amalgamation of newly-forged murderous weapons, and of antique javelins, which, by their rusty state, piqued the curiosity, without, in any way, contributing towards the issue of the fight. But when men's minds had grown calmer, and religious dissensions no longer found a voice from the pulpit, the preachers were obliged to seek out new means of triumph; they, accordingly, applied themselves to the task of better arranging their arguments, and to the adornment of their discourses with the treasures of language.

But erudition, though employed with more discernment and sobriety, still maintained a foremost place in the discourses of the time ; prolix and entangled theological arguments discouraged even the most attentive auditor. In place of limiting himself to the interpretation of the broad truths of Christianity comprehensible to all, the preacher would ever wander from his direct road into the by-ways of obscure and subtle theories, the mysteries of which he would endeavour to expound in a language bristling with scholastic terms. Art and inspiration were gradually tending towards a fruitful alliance, but previous to their giving birth to the works which are, at the present day, deservedly worthy of our admiration, pulpit eloquence was obliged to feel its way carefully, slowly, and circumspectly, towards its definite object. We do not certainly mean to affirm by this that Bourdaloue, who so greatly contributed towards the present improved style of French pulpit oratory, is, in all respects, a perfect model ; he seems to us to shine by a skilful amalgamation of the different qualities of the orator, rather than by those traits of genius which open to the astonished eyes of a congregation new and boundless prospects. The light which he casts upon his subject is propagated with a certain degree of deliberation, which permits him to penetrate its most secret recesses ; but we look in vain for those sudden and brilliant illuminations which, in Bossuet, seem to snatch us up at once from earth, and bear us into the very midst of the celestial choir. Bourdaloue climbs slowly and painfully the steep and rugged path which leads to the sublime. Bossuet, on the contrary, attains his end at a single bound : the first shows us all the accidents and chances of the route he pursues ; the second, like nature, accomplishes marvels while shrouding his creative powers in the most profound mystery. Bourdaloue's view, though penetrating and sure, pauses on a thousand details before daring to embrace the whole ; Bossuet, standing erect upon the ruins of empires delights to interrogate the infinite prospects of eternity. The one teaches, the other commands. In reading the sermons of Bourdaloue we seem as though we recollected the thoughts we are yet perusing for the first time, the writer appears to make an appeal to our memory ; Bossuet, on the contrary, gives us new worlds to contemplate ; one might say that, like Moses, he brought forth in profusion a crowd of unknown truths from this desert, through which we are painfully journeying towards the promised land.

But if the sublime and magnificent thoughts which we discover in the writings of Bossuet do not, in the sermons of Bourdaloue, gush forth in such liberal profusion, on the other

hand, no orator can better mould them into the required form, or display them in all their varieties. He enchases them in language at once concise and abundant, luminous and substantial. A large exposition of subject followed by simple divisions, at once places the preacher in perfect sympathy of intelligence with his congregation; the reader perceives without effort the end he proposes to attain, and, though vast and almost numberless are the means he employs, they are retained in the mind without ever being confounded, so happily are the various transitions brought about, so firmly and solidly established the foundation and order of the discourse. In general, the sermons of Bourdaloue are but commentaries upon the particular texts of Scripture to which they are allied, and that frequently by the slenderest possible relationship; or else paraphrases of the best thoughts of the Fathers of the Church. After Bossuet, that great master of French pulpit-eloquence, Bourdaloue is unquestionably the one who has best succeeded in catching the inspiration of the Fathers, and of appropriating it to the end he had in view; but we must, above all things, beware of confounding the admirable fecundity of Bourdaloue with that sterile procedure of the early Christians, which consisted in submerging a simple thought beneath a perfect deluge of words. It is not by the aid of vain and empty sentences that he lengthens out the thoughts gleaned from the writings of the firmest supporters of the Christian faith—he adds many new and ingenious views to those which serve as a pivot for his arguments; from a single ray he draws a splendid galaxy of light, leaving nothing exposed to its influence in the shade. Point out to him in some old and apparently exhausted mine of theological lore, one slender vein only of true metal from which merely a few superficial layers have been raised to the surface, he will dig there with unceasing perseverance, and from the depths below you will behold, ere long, arise a continuous succession of unexpected treasures.

Bourdaloue takes the elements of his discourses from the common reservoir of evangelical dogmas, and contents himself with displaying them to the view of his readers surrounded with all the light they are capable of receiving. Though a consummate theologian, he never displays his learning with fatiguing ostentation; far from pitching the tone of his discourse in the lofty, but frequently cloud-capped, regions of science, he places it within reach of all capacities. How wonderful are the resources he displays in the application of Gospel truths to the various circumstances of actual life! If the theologian be occasionally effaced by the orator, nevertheless we feel, even when our heart alone is touched by Bourdaloue, what profound study

was required to give him such a perfect mastery over the mysteries of the religion he professed; the illustrations he draws therefrom denote the deep thinker, and his discourses will ever be considered as luminous developments of the principles of Christianity, as well as a vast repertory of secondary propositions corroborating essential truths. But it must be allowed that Bourdaloue aimed less at convincing the mind, than at animating and revivifying the heart; in his time faith predominated; the scepticism and infidelity so unhappily prevalent throughout France during the eighteenth century, had not as yet succeeded in totally eradicating that firm belief in Christianity which had animated European society during fourteen centuries. Noble precepts might, it is true, be eluded in practice, but, amid mundane pre-occupations, sensual gratifications, and the intoxication of the passions, the people still clung stedfastly to the religion of their forefathers. What was then required in a preacher was rather the art of leading souls to the altar, than of demonstrating truths which none contested. And certainly we do not fear being accused of exaggeration when we affirm that never was man better fitted than Bourdaloue to fulfil this difficult ministry.

Born at Bourges, in 1632, of one of the first families of the city, he could, while still a youth, form some tolerably exact ideas of the world from personal experience; for if, while we are children, we but too frequently restrict ourselves to sensation, later, when retracing the course of our earlier years, we succeed in drawing energetic conclusions from those first vague impressions which seemed for a time lost. It is by no means improbable that the preacher who depicted with so much force and truth the ravages of ambition, and the fatal consequences of vice — outwardly so attractive, yet within so full of corruption and ruin — had derived the principal features of more than one sketch from the powerfully awakened recollections of his youth. Childhood is the period during which the development of the moral faculties is accomplished in some sort in an occult manner. The sap circulates not in the bark; it works secretly and noiselessly, and when the elaboration is complete, it breaks forth in odorous flowers and luscious fruits. The superficial eye notes merely the instant in which all these marvels are brought to light, but the philosophical observer, who has deeply meditated on the evolution of nature's laws, occupies his mind far more in the study of the mysterious labour which has preceded the triumphant outbreak of this vital sap, enriched successively with the juices of the earth, and the treasures of celestial dew. The experiences of youth were the faint principle of those

fruitful impulsions which the genius of Bourdaloue was destined from all sides to receive.

Having, at the early age of fifteen, entered the society of the Jesuits, he drew from the resources open to him in this celebrated company, the precepts and examples of elegant literature, as well as the habit of contemplating simply the positive face of things, and of judging men only according as circumstances had made them what they were. While a philosopher in the calm solitude of meditation may content himself with abstract ideas upon our inclinations and infirmities, the preacher has need of acquiring knowledge easy of application; he must not merely be well acquainted with the general tendencies of the human heart, he must also be able to track its many by-ways and mysterious turnings, while mere outward appearances, above all, must never be permitted to warp his judgment or lead him into error.

Bourdaloue exhibited, from his very outset, all the advantages acquired from an attentive and detailed study of human nature. There is not one of his memorable sermons from which we could not detach maxims as profound, and as well expressed, as those of La Rochefoucauld; and it must be said that, although he had completed with much distinction his course of literature, philosophy, and theology, in the schools, it was in the pulpit only that the grandeur of this marvellous intellect shone forth in all its brilliancy. Not until after a period of eighteen years, entirely given up to his own instruction and that of others, did he resolve, with the assent of his superiors, to devote himself to the Pulpit. He was more than thirty years of age when one of the princesses of the blood-royal accidentally heard him preach in the city of Eu, and at once conceived for him the most lively admiration. The provinces knew and appreciated his talents long before Paris had even so much as heard of his name. Bourdaloue, after having sufficiently 'tried the strength of his youth' before a congregation less formidable than the fastidious auditories of the capital, was summoned to exercise his ministry upon that vast arena wherein he was destined to achieve so signal a triumph. Undoubtedly, he was a man who could have had no difficulty in adapting his discourse to the humblest capacity; the true orator is enabled to mould his language to suit all circumstances, as well as all classes of society; and no one will be disposed to deny to Bourdaloue the gift of convincing; but pictures of the world, and reflections upon the thousand stratagems which our passions make use of in order to conceal their tortuous march, all those large developments wherein are displayed such a profound knowledge of mankind, would be,

perhaps, but 'leather and prunella' to simple minds, which calculate neither the sacrifices prescribed by virtue, nor the fleeting advantages of vice and crime; it is amid the tumult of populous cities that the Chrysostoms and Bourdaloues can launch forth the thunders of their eloquence without fearing lest their blows may fall on souls already prostrate in the dust. All the fires of sacred eloquence scarcely suffice to purify hearts already stained with impurity. The discourse from the minister must issue from the pulpit in burning words in order to penetrate the all but impregnable coat of mail beneath which our evil thoughts lie sheltered. The villager rarely resists the paternal warnings of his pastor; he yields to the voice of the apostle of the fields, and if he does sin it is almost always either through ignorance, or when seduced in an unguarded moment by some fatal combination of circumstances. There is a species of ingenuousness observable in a rural population, even in its widest deviations from the path of rectitude; one might almost suppose that in these primitive organizations the senses wandered as it were unknown to the drowsy intellect, buried, so to speak, beneath the superincumbent weight of matter. But with the inhabitants of the city it is far otherwise; they exhaust all the resources of the intellect in the machination of their iniquities; when they wallow in the mire of sin and corruption they do their best to stifle within their hearts the consciousness of their degradation, and it is by dint of perversity alone that they succeed in quenching that inward light which would otherwise point out to them the straight path of rectitude.

Not only must the preacher when dealing with such people be enabled to impress salutary terrors on their minds, he must also have at instant command a reply for every sophism and miserable subtlety they may call to their service. Even among the privileged of this earth who joyfully accept the glad tidings of the gospel, how many do we see who torment themselves in vain endeavours to escape the practice of those duties which that very gospel they profess inculcates! Like certain lawyers, who seek, by captious interpretations, to endue a bad cause with a false varnish of justice, they torture the letter while losing sight of the spirit. It is necessary to have deeply studied the human heart in order to unravel and expose the specious arguments and false logic of such persons; and it is in this sense that we ought to take the famous axiom of antiquity: that orators are formed by time. In fact, independently of the literary qualities which go towards the formation of a discourse—whether delivered from the pulpit or the platform—there is required a certain

knowledge of men and things which is the rule and foundation of the public speaker. Now this knowledge is never acquired from books; it is imperatively necessary to have breathed the very atmosphere of worldly passions and interests in order to be enabled to seize upon their various and diverse complications. Vague generalities serve at best but for the amplification of common-places, of which the most complaisant auditory cannot fail of soon becoming heartily weary.

In perusing at the present day the sermons of Bourdaloue we are amazed at the force, truth, and delicacy of his observations. When he does not shed an entirely new light upon the mysteries of the human heart, he illuminates them in a manner so complete that we willingly attribute to him all the honour of having been their first exponent. While pursuing the track already cleared by other hardy pioneers of the gospel, we feel convinced that his piercing glance will, ere long, discover points of view which had escaped the perspicacity of his predecessors; and when he takes possession of a subject, he circumscribes its limits with such exactitude, he turns it so well in all senses, that it would seem impossible to add anything to the riches he draws therefrom. Bourdaloue was endowed with two qualities which, in ordinary natures, impede each other's progress, but which in organizations above the common stamp mutually fortify and enrich each other: to the promptitude of glance which divines, he joined the gift of never permitting himself to be dazzled by a first impression of the truth upon his mind. He was well aware that false lights very frequently exercise the same degree of illusion as do true ones, and that above all if we pause too long to collect the rays which have at first shone forth we incur considerable risk of possessing but a very incomplete view of things. By subduing the natural vivacity of his temperament he succeeded not only in mastering his passions, but in moderating the sallies of his intellect. We thus discover in this great man the most opposite and antagonistic faculties harmonizing together for the creation of prodigies; and, in our opinion, it is chiefly this mutual accord of all the moral powers which distinguishes Bourdaloue.

Respectful and polished towards the great and powerful of the land, among whom he reckoned numerous friends and admirers; affable and tender-hearted with persons of more humble condition of life; tolerant, kind, and indulgent, in the 'salons' of the seventeenth century; austere in his habits of life; ever anxious to solace the afflictions of the unhappy—hastening from the confessional to the bed of death, and afterwards ascending the pulpit to distribute to all that bread of life which he so well knew how to apportion to each; isolating himself by the effort of

meditation in the midst of the most tumultuous assemblies, and nevertheless possessing in the highest degree the gift of a conversation enriched by reading and study, and a consummate experience of the things of this life; Bourdaloue devoted himself entirely to the strict performance of his various duties, and knew no other joys save those which spring from a mind at peace with itself and the world, and a consciousness of having sought to do his duty in that sphere of life in which Providence had placed him. He was cloistered, so to speak, in the daily circle of his religious occupations, and no one could ever reproach him with nourishing in his breast any of those mundane passions which have but too frequently animated the company of which he was a member. His death, which took place in 1704, inspired throughout France a universal feeling of regret, of which there still remain many authentic testimonies in the memoirs and letters of the time.

To Bourdaloue belongs incontestably the honour of having given to the sermon the peculiar form best suited to an advanced state of civilization. A profound theologian, he was enabled to place within reach of his hearers the truths of holy writ by translating them into a clear and logical language, divested of the pedantic rubbish of the schools. To the luminous exposition of Christian truths, he allied the most subtle and penetrating analysis of human nature; as a moralist, he successfully contends, in precision, vigour, and perspicacity, with Pascal and La Rochefoucauld; in the many and faithful pictures which he draws of our passions, we discover details which have escaped the author of the 'Maxims,' and above all that of the 'Thoughts,' who almost always seeks to compress vast generalities into the concisest possible phrases. An orator cannot proceed by aphorisms; he has need of constantly varying the development of his ideas, in order to render them intelligible to all capacities. A sententious laconism of style, while it would utterly destroy all the eloquence and fire of his discourse, would altogether isolate him from the mass of his public, and would, in point of fact, be incomprehensible save to a select few. It is difficult to surpass Bourdaloue in the art of skilfully anatomizing a thought, and of divesting it of all the coverings by which its sense or beauty is obscured; inspiration never seduces him from the path he has traced out for himself. In his most passionate movements he curbs himself without effort; and if the waves of his eloquence occasionally rear their crests to the sky, they soon fall back into their accustomed channel, and pursue the first impulsion without ever overflowing their boundaries. Such are the incontestable merits of that genius, born to dispose, according to a symmetrical plan, the riches which abound in the Scriptures, in

the writings of the Fathers of the Church, and in the discourses of the barbarous, but for all that admirably organized, preachers of the sixteenth century.

If the possession of powerful faculties was requisite in order to remodel the oratorical art of the pulpit, and to cause a regular and imposing edifice to arise from out a wilderness of ruinous materials, it was not certainly in the destiny of an inferior mind to resuscitate the vanished accents of Bourdaloue. Successfully to continue what the former had begun, it was, above all, essential that the individual making the attempt should strictly forbid himself the imitation of his *manner*, for a copy, however perfect may be its resemblance, is always eclipsed by the original; we might even add, that the more faithful the likeness, the less attraction it possesses for the reader. All the beings which people creation differ from each other by traits peculiar to each; even those comprised in the same species, whatever be the general qualities by which they are allied, preserve, nevertheless, their individuality by the aid of some characteristic sign. If you were to efface the particular attributes which distinguish each object, not only would the universe present a monotonous spectacle, but you would substitute the confusion of chaos for that marvellous and beautifully varied order which retains and delights the eye.

Massillon—to the consideration of whose life and writings we now turn—like all the great writers of the seventeenth century, presents himself to our notice under very distinct traits. The successor of Bourdaloue in the pulpit, he profited by the improvements introduced by his predecessor into the pulpit-eloquence of his country, while wholly rejecting the yoke of a servile imitation; it was, in point of fact, the only means by which he could hope to equal the wonders accomplished by the illustrious Jesuit. The human mind tires of contemplating the same prospects, how beautiful soever they may be; even the ocean fatigues by its monotonous grandeur—after having gazed for a time upon its illimitable expanse, we love the repose afforded by other and more broken horizons. The loud and sonorous tones of Bourdaloue would, doubtless, in course of time have fallen on jaded ears. It was necessary that other oratorical qualities should be developed, to find favour with the masses, and entice a fickle and worldly population to the house of God. Thus, among the elements of success which men of genius turn to their advantage, the novelty of their works is not one of the weakest instruments of their popularity. But let not the reader imagine that they can innovate at will; they are restricted to the necessity of seeking their means of action in the human atmosphere by which they are surrounded. If they do

not wish to see their thoughts shine in the void, they must seek to place them in affinity with the social medium wherein they set them forth, as a flame destined to spread, at the same time, light and heat. Orators, whose influence may not be indefinitely adjourned, like that of philosophers, who write almost always with posterity in view, cannot dispense with the necessity of making a deep and searching study of the land upon which they are about to venture. If their speech has not the magic power of captivating the public, it will meet with the derisive echoes of empty courts; for eloquence increases by violent opposition as well as enthusiastic applause. A discourse is but a heavy and ambitious piece of declamation when regarded as a monologue; to be successful, it must be the ardent interpretation of the orator's own sentiments, which sentiments he must be enabled to make his audience thoroughly partake. If the entire assembly is not thus placed, as it were, in communication with its interpreter by means of a species of magnetic fluid, you may safely affirm that the sounds which strike your ear, harmonious though they be, no longer possess aught save an insignificant value.

Massillon understood very well, that, in order to obtain triumphs after Bourdaloue, it was essential that he should bring forward into the light what his rival had left in the shade. Having the same ground to cultivate, and rigorously enclosed within the theological circle, he could alter only as far as regarded the form and accessory ideas. The epoch in which he entered upon his career was singularly fitted for the development of his faculties. The reign of Louis XIV. was rapidly declining from its former magnificence. The great men who had illustrated this golden age of French history had disappeared one after the other, leaving their places to be filled by a host of mediocrities, who in the way of services could boast only of the exploits of the bedchamber or the negotiations of the boudoir.

The discernment of the great king—for great, despite all his vanities and weaknesses, he surely was—was impaired by the empire of subaltern influences; and that firmness of character which had formerly, in many a trying emergency, shone forth so conspicuously when supported by the voices of such men as Colbert, Louvois, or Turenne, had now degenerated into the pig-headed obstinacy which maintained, in the hands of a Villeroi, the dishonoured baton of Marshal of France. The bulletins from the frontier announced a succession of disastrous defeats, or victories furiously contested by a formidable league of enemies bent on the ruin of France. The line of fortifications, so skilfully drawn by the genius of Vauban, seemed no longer able to withstand that onward and triumphant pressure of an inimical force, so sad a spectacle in the eyes of the veterans

of Lens and Rocroy. In vain did the French troops perform prodigies of valour; the long-suppressed vengeance of Europe burst forth in a torrent, whose force no power could withstand. The exhausted nation had no longer either blood, or food, or money to give; crushed to the earth, beneath the weight of many reverses, it had nothing better than its own lifeless corpse to oppose to the advance of the conquering allies.

It was then that threatening murmurs began to arise from all parts of the kingdom against a despotism which the *prestige* of glory no longer saved from the lash of bitter and well-deserved censure. In that vigorous unity which tended to level all classes, as well as to suppress the barriers of the provinces, men saw a heavy chain, which encircled and compressed in its iron embrace all parts of the social body, to make it act for the profit of a single individual. From a blind and excessive admiration of royalty, amounting almost to worship, the people passed at once to the most outrageous explosions of intense hatred. Of all the good that had been done, they attributed the merit to the powerful auxiliaries which Louis XIV. had found in that little band of men of genius grouped around his throne, while they accused him alone as the author of all the evils to which the country seemed irremediably devoted. In the minds of the people, kings were now detested as insatiable vampires. The eloquent discourses against the ambition of princes, with which the pages of Fenelon's 'Telemaque' is filled, were greeted with frantic enthusiasm; in short, men were sick of that imposing uniformity which sacrificed with so much facility all the resources of the nation, and which, after having placed it for an instant on the perilous summit of the European pyramid, was on the eve of excavating for it a vast tomb beneath the foundations of this monstrous pedestal.

Such are the terrible reprisals of the masses against those who have abused their confidence for the purpose of enticing them into crooked paths wherein nought but ruin is to be expected. In face of such calamities, what course, it may be asked, was the preacher to pursue? To make Christian truths palatable to a congregation so completely pre-occupied with the stirring events of the day, it was necessary that he should, along with the warnings addressed to his flock in general, introduce some harsh but necessary truths for kings. To hearts ulcerated by the spectacle of their country's abasement, it was not altogether unprofitable to offer some of those consolations which the enlarged spirit of the Christian religion does not condemn. Thus, although the 'Grands Sermons' of the rival of Bourdaloue be, in our opinion, the most solid foundation of his fame in the eyes of posterity, his 'Petit Carême,' preached before the youthful

Louis XV., was his principal title to the high degree of popularity he enjoyed among his contemporaries. It is this abridged course of morality for the use of princes which acquired for Massillon the favour of the entire philosophical school of the eighteenth century. It cannot be denied that the political doctrines of Voltaire, and even of Rousseau, approached, in many points, those of the Bishop of Clermont; and when we compare the most vigorous passages of Bourdaloue upon the ambition of the great with some of those of Massillon, we might readily imagine that an abyss of several centuries separated these two illustrious preachers. The first restricts himself to general reflections, whose end is rather to ameliorate the lot of individuals than to change the bases of society; he depicts, in the most striking terms, the ravages which the unbridled lust of wealth and honours produces in the human heart. The most jealous despotism, however, could give in a free adhesion to the sentiments of Bourdaloue without in anywise being deeply moved by them; the duties of governors towards their subjects are but lightly and vaguely touched on, while, on the other hand, purely moral subjects are treated with depth and plenitude. He always carefully eludes those social questions which in the following century so seriously occupied men's minds. Massillon, equally with Fenelon, is one of the links connecting two memorable epochs, between which, though in appearance so hostile, it would be possible to trace many mysterious affinities. Sincerely attached to the Christian belief, he follows its precepts with scrupulous exactness; he never yields in any way to the anti-religious influence of his times; and we find him deploring the progress of scepticism and infidelity in accents of sadness we might imagine borrowed from Bossuet. To raise the slightest doubt upon the sincerity of Massillon would be to calumniate his memory; in that point he belonged wholly to the seventeenth century, to that century wherein theological discussions excited so lively an interest even among the most worldly-minded; but he was irresistibly drawn towards those doctrines of civil liberty and religious tolerance which Fenelon so thoroughly understood, and to the support of which a powerful phalanx of philosophers were destined to lend the charms of eloquence and the evidence of reason.

If we have, in the foregoing pages, clearly expressed our thoughts, the reader will now be enabled to comprehend the two, if not diametrically opposite, at least different, tendencies, by which the genius of Massillon was swayed; he can also form a just idea of the innovations which were introduced by him into the general plan and arrangement of his sermons. Intimately acquainted with the most secret recesses of the human heart, he

could, like Bourdaloue, confine himself to the vast field of the moral virtues, and certainly he has given more than one striking proof of the incontestable superiority he possessed in unmasking the passions, and laying bare their most deceptive artifices. He evidently did not seek to dwell on political considerations in order to appeal to the known sympathies of his congregation; by so doing he would have lowered the sacred ministry with which he was invested to the coarse combinations of a mundane rhetoric.

The minister, he knew, owed no respect to the false delicacy of his hearers; as the interpreter of divine truths he should not fear to handle, even roughly if necessary, their most susceptible propensities. To him, in fact, belongs the right of commanding respect for even the plainest-spoken words—how unpalatable soever those words may be—he may let fall from his lips. He has no need of wandering off into the turnings and windings of a laboriously-prepared discourse, in order to surprise, as it were, the convictions of his hearers, by means of those tricks of oratory the mechanism of which was so closely and minutely studied in the schools of Greece. Above all, and before all things, the minister of God, with the Bible of truth in his hand, and the word of truth on his lips, should proceed directly to the end he has in view; undeterred by a false delicacy for the worldly ideas and prejudices of his congregation, he should not recoil before the obligation—a sacred one confided to him,—of severely condemning the violations of that holy law of which he is at once the minister and the expounder.

Massillon quailed not before this task; unwittingly, perhaps, he expressed the ideas which circulated in the atmosphere of his time. In clothing these ideas in a religious garb, he imagined he but performed his duty. Thus the impression experienced therefrom had that character of depth and profundity which constitutes the conviction of the orator. Massillon followed the torrent of his country in politics, while strenuously opposing the sceptical and anti-religious feeling which was now beginning to gain head in France. The unrelenting adversary of the Oriental despotism so energetically prescribed by Louis XIV., it was with profound disgust that he was a witness of the degrading and shameless excesses of the short, but most inglorious Regency. As a Christian, also, he could not but shudder at the aspect of unbridled licentiousness which, like some impure inundation, swept over the whole of France during the deplorable reign of Louis XV.—that king who may truly be said to have passed his life in the mire of sensuality. Provoked by the monstrous abuses, as well as the utter and open disregard of Christianity—its outward forms and mummeries only excepted

—which on every side met his eye, the great soul of Massillon overflowed with sublime anger; and more than once did the sweet-toned and harmonious voice of the orator rise to the inspired accents of the ancient prophets, when, scandalized at the idolatries of the Israelites, they poured forth in words of fire the denunciations of an offended God. There were here certainly new and striking elements to introduce into the pulpit-eloquence of the day, and the admirers of Bourdaloue could not fail of being astonished at the promulgation of doctrines as yet so new to them. But the Bishop of Clermont possessed, in addition, qualities which his predecessor had but timidly developed, though successfully cultivated by certain Fathers of the Church. Born in Provence, he was, like almost all its inhabitants, endowed with one of those lively and fertile imaginations which impart the richest colours to objects, in appearance the dullest and least attractive. A profound study of the Scriptures, the exquisite poetry of which had made a deep and lasting impression on his mind, had also contributed, in a great measure, to favour the growth of this faculty, which in him possessed a prodigious natural power.

It must, however, be remarked that the *Folle du logis*, as quaint old Montaigne styles the imaginative portion of our human organization, subjected itself, with a very good grace, to the sound good sense of this admirable orator; so that, far from destroying the logical evolution of ideas, it showed them all the brighter, from the illumination it cast upon them; it enriched the discourse without destroying the majestic whole. The gems and precious metals which it, as it were, wove into the learned tissue of the argument, refreshed, but never misled, the attention of the congregation; the regularity of the edifice never disappeared beneath the magnificence of the ornaments with which it had been so ingeniously decked. It was a parterre studded with a profusion of the most variously-tinted flowers, but whose clearly-defined limits ever presented a harmonious symmetry to the spectator's eye.

To adorn the thought is not to paint it, but, on the contrary, to illumine and better display it under its various aspects. We are ready to admit that an image, *per se*, brilliant and pompous though it be, is nothing better than vain phosphorescence, if it serve neither to explain nor embellish an idea. To multiply useless comparisons, for the mere purpose of dazzling his reader, is, at best, but a coquetry of art, the sterile advantages of which no serious writer should, for an instant, be ambitious of possessing. Let us leave kaleidoscopes to children; the only playthings fitted for men are, the plough which turns the earth, the compass which guides the mariner on his ocean-

path, and the pen which consigns to immortality useful thoughts or ennobling sentiments. We altogether condemn those species of literary fireworks, which, though they may dazzle for the moment, leave behind them only a cloud of empty, and not infrequently noisome, smoke, while serving but to exhaust, for no good end, the most precious faculties of the mind. But, on the other hand, to the mathematicians who would reduce literary style to the dryness of algebraic formulæ, we have one reply to make: we defy them to write three consecutive phrases without a recurrence to metaphors—old or new—in order to render their idea comprehensible to their readers. Were we perfectly pure spirits, it is very probable that an entirely abstract language would suffice us; but we are, unfortunately, so overlaid with matter that we grasp with ease only what we can touch and see. Our intellect promptly and surely fulfils its functions only when aided by the concurrence of the organs. So true is this, that many superior men have considered that the best methods of instruction were those which bestowed a tangible form even upon metaphysical ideas. Without adopting these exaggerated theories, the offspring of the spirit of system, we yet believe and maintain that it is impossible either to think, write, or speak, without the aid of images. We have occupied ourselves hitherto with the philosophical side of the question only; if we look at the literary side we shall find a thousand arguments to justify the employment of metaphor. But though many similes have fallen into disrepute, and while others, in these stirring and troublous times, would be considered childish and paltry, the effect of brilliant metaphor skilfully employed, observable in the works of several modern writers, clearly proves that it is not the imagination which is discredited by the prosaic utilitarianism of the age, but certain images either too common-place or else too frequently repeated.

In perusing the writings of Massillon we are, above all, struck with the happy abundance of images which we find interlaced round profound truths, like graceful flowers twining round the knotty trunk of the oak. Rarely do the comparisons which he makes use of fail of that clearness and purity which the severe taste of the seventeenth century, above all things, imperiously exacted. The figures employed by him may be considered as ingenious similitudes of thoughts embellished with all the riches of elocution. He never seeks to produce artificial effects by a puerile contrast of words; it is the ideas which, in his fruitful brain, are attracted by common affinities, and thus give birth to views at once the most just, clear, and brilliant. Very different from the writers and poets of his time, who, for the most part, contented themselves with merely turning over the surface

of things in search of hidden treasure, Massillon went straight to the heart of the questions he had to treat; he submitted them to a patient and searching analysis, and when he had thoroughly decomposed their most tenacious particles, he collected them into a body as solid as it was majestic. Like a skilful sculptor he would carefully reduce the marble he had to elaborate, and the lines of the statue, once designed with methodical exactness, he would smooth away all angles, and endow with grace and expression the hitherto mute and shapeless block. In a word, Massillon never moved the imagination of his auditors until he had first of all fertilized their intellect. He reasoned first; his energetic picture seemed but as a framework for larger discussions; while a close and convincing logic was crowned with the most harmonious ideas. In this respect, Massillon is incontestably superior to Bourdaloue.

In the writings of the Fathers of the Christian Church we find a poetry quite as rich, if not richer, than that with which the Bishop of Clermont ornamented his gravest dissertations. St. Chrysostom has shed over his style all the splendours of the East; Massillon himself never displayed a more magnificent profusion of graceful and powerful images. There is, however, one point on which he had no equal: none could like him touch the more delicate fibres of the heart; he moves and persuades even when apparently one would suppose he sought but to convince; he inspires sympathy as well as admiration; and, on laying down the book, we often ask ourselves if we have yielded to the irresistible evidence of reason, or to the burning effusions of deep sensibility.

The Christian minister must not truckle to the passions of his hearers, neither can he make any concessions to their weaknesses or deviations. The interpreter of divine truth would strangely misunderstand his duty, were he to make use of the time-serving arms and figures which the political or forensic orator is permitted to employ; firm and immovable in his convictions, he must 'speak the truth with all boldness,' heedless of the angry words or bitter speeches to which his discourse may give rise; yet, without relaxing anything of the severity of his mission, it is in his power to lead back many lost sheep to the fold by the employment of those gentle and persuasive means which seldom fail to induce all hearts to draw near in praise and prayer to their Lord and Maker. Gentleness is a secret power which at once disarms and attracts the most refractory, and which moderates their opposition even when it does not altogether triumph over their will. Now Massillon united these two qualities in an eminent degree:—while, on the one hand, the thunders of his eloquence, when threatening the wrath of God on the impeni-

tent, struck terror to the hearts of the most hardened, nothing, on the other, could equal the irresistible sweetness of his voice when it modulated tenderer sentiments—when it sought to bless, and not to curse, to reassure, and not to affright. The tenderest mother could not find in her heart words more kind, more sweet, more persuasive, than those which then flowed from the lips of Massillon. He was incontestably the most pathetic of the pulpit-orators of the day. The true Evangelical sweetness and gentleness seemed to have passed into his discourse, imparting to it an invincible charm which none could resist. All the faculties in this beautiful organization concurred harmoniously to the same end; the ideas were in accord with the sentiments, while the heart, in its most unexpected movements, obeyed the wise direction of the mind.*

Born at Hyères, in Provence, Massillon, early in life, entered the congregation of the Oratory, and soon devoted himself entirely to pulpit oratory. His 'Grands Sermons,' his 'Petit Carême,' his 'Paraphrases sur les Psaumes,' and his 'Conferences,' are finished models of style, which will ever be perused with delight by every admirer of what is really good in French literature. Appointed Bishop of Clermont, he gave himself up entirely to the performance of his episcopal duties with a truly Christian humility. The recollection of several examples of his benevolence of character have been preserved, which prove that he knew how to preach by example as well as by word of mouth—by practice as well as by precept. He died in 1742, at the age of seventy-nine, universally regretted both by rich and poor.

One word, in conclusion, upon the respective merits of the two eminent men whose lives and works we have been considering.

In the seventeenth century, Bourdaloue was generally considered the first preacher of France; the critics opposed to him

* As illustrative of the wonderful power exercised by Massillon upon his congregation, Voltaire relates, that during the delivery of his celebrated sermon upon the *Small Number of the Elect*, a sort of transport seemed, as it were, to seize upon the congregation, and almost every one in the church half rose by a sort of involuntary impulse; the movement of acclamation and surprise was so marked, that it seriously disturbed the preacher; and this evident nervousness served but to augment the pathos of the discourse.

Rollin relates, that having taken some of the students of the College of Beauvais to hear one of Massillon's sermons, they returned so profoundly touched that, during several weeks, reflection replaced amusement throughout the whole school; not a duty was neglected, not a single fault committed, nor was there a dispute raised even among the most undisciplined. To touch deeply a youthful heart is not difficult; but to produce upon it a lasting impression, is an achievement only to be attained by the most penetrating and persuasive eloquence—such was the eloquence of Massillon.

neither Bossuet, nor Fenelon, who extemporized with wonderful facility and penetrating unction, nor even Massillon, his successor in the public favour. The eagle of Meaux, as Bossuet was termed, said of him, '*Il est notre maître à tous ;*' and competent judges have ever maintained him in the elevated rank assigned him by his contemporaries. Even those who allowed themselves to be captivated by the more harmonious forms of Massillon's eloquence, scarcely dared to place the latter above his rival. It has been said of Bourdaloue that, although he represents, by the correctness of his proportions, the beauty of his arrangement, and the exactitude of his development, the perfection of the highest class of the pulpit eloquence of his country, yet, when read at the present day, with all his healthy, solid qualities, he wearies. To this we cannot altogether agree. It is true that Bourdaloue may be wanting in invention of detail and richness of expression, yet if we take the trouble to study him deeply and closely, we shall discover in his writings the highest merits; pure, lofty, and ennobling thoughts expressed in language at once correct and elegant, never overlaid with vain epithets, nor false though sparkling brilliancies, are the attributes of his discourses. We shall not certainly find even in his best pages that lofty audacity of Bossuet which despotically moulded the idiom of his native tongue to the sometimes arbitrary exigencies of his genius; it was rather upon the groundwork of his subject than upon the form in which he could best place it before his hearers, that Bourdaloue loved to dwell; he occupied himself with the ordinance and grandeur of the *idea* more than with the beauty of the *expression*. If Bourdaloue is not one of the authors who have contributed most towards the enrichment of the idiom of his native language, on the other hand he is one of those who have the least outraged it. His simple, modest, and unaffected eloquence scarcely ever sins through those glaring defects so frequently perceptible in the best pages of Bossuet and La Bruyere—writers whose originality but ill accommodated itself to the least rigorous rules of grammar. He accepts without difficulty the results of the philological labours of his time, and thus composes for himself a language which, though astonishing often by magnificent alliances of words, and by oppositions and comparisons the most unexpected, rarely if ever wounds either good taste or syntax. We admit that the writings of Bourdaloue are much less read in France at the present day than those of his great rival, the Bishop of Clermont, but this is easily accounted for. To the generality of readers Massillon is a more captivating writer than Bourdaloue, simply from the possession of those qualities already described, which find so ready a response in almost every breast; he addresses

the feelings rather than the understanding, the heart rather than the head, and hence his success. The diction of Massillon is in general pure, elegant, and harmonious, sometimes even to a fault; he has been reproached for a too frequent repetition of the same thought under different forms; yet this defect, if defect it be—an assertion we are rather inclined to doubt—is less to be condemned in an orator than in a writer, and we must bear in mind that it was for pulpit delivery, rather than for closet perusal, that Massillon's sermons were composed. An audience, however enlightened it may be, requires an idea to be fully developed in order to its being thoroughly understood. Even when the idea has been clearly comprehended, it likes to have it represented under a new aspect; by these means it is more deeply engraven in the mind, while possessing, moreover, the further advantage of better demonstrating the general connexion of the discourse.

Here we bring our task to a close. We have endeavoured in the foregoing pages to lay before our readers a brief sketch of the lives and writings of the two greatest ornaments of the French pulpit in the seventeenth century. A severe critic of the French language might, it is true, discover flaws in the style and language of both these eminent preachers, but it is far from our purpose to descend to such criticism; in so doing we should but parade the vain glory of the self-sufficient pedant.

ART. III.—*Poems, by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* New Edition, in Two Vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

MRS. BROWNING has presented us with her collected poems, in two compact and yet handsome volumes, so that we have all her productions at once before us in a very convenient and inexpensive form. We are thus enabled to compare her writings at all points of her progress, and to take a comprehensive view of their lights and shadows, and of the real character and strength of her genius. The result, as a whole, is highly favourable; and we are glad to be in possession of a work of a living authoress, which abounds so with splendid poetry, with evidences of profound thought, and with a pervading spirit so pure and so womanly. At the same time, we do not mean to represent this collection as faultless; it would have been much the better for a degree of

stern selection. There are various poems which are of comparatively little merit, which are written on trivial subjects, and only tend to dilute the collection as a whole; and, what was least to be expected, these are chiefly met with in the last volume. Such poems as 'The Deserted Garden;' 'Hector in the Garden;' 'A Lay of the Early Rose;' 'A Flower in a Letter;' and 'The Pet Name;' would do very well for an annual; but we pass them over impatiently amongst such things as 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship;' 'The Rhyme of the Duchess May;' 'The Cry of the Children;' 'The Cry of the Human;' or the fine 'Drama of Exile.' Many of these poems that we speak of are drawn out to a most unconscionable length, totally disproportionate to the value of the subject or the amount of thought expended upon it. 'The Lost Bower,' for instance, consists of no less than seventy-four stanzas; the whole burthen being, that the authoress, going into a wood, finds a sort of natural bower under a lime-tree, and never can find it again.

We note these as defects in the volumes, but by no means such as to prevent the whole being a very noble and delightful one; yet, at the same time, tending to lower that idea of the authoress's greatness which would have followed a more exclusive perusal of such truly masterly productions as those we have alluded to. While we are looking on the shadow side of Mrs. Browning's genius, we must, in strict justice, also, note that affected quaintness which disfigures a great number of her best performances, and often induces her to use terms which are utter nonsense. In 'The Lost Bower' occur such stanzas as these:—

'As I entered, mosses hushing,
Stole all noises from my foot;
And a green elastic cushion,
Clasped within the linden's root,
Took me in a chair of silence, very rare and *absolute*.'

Why so *absolute* a chair? Because it is quaint, and rhymes. Again, in 'The Vision of Poets,' we are treated to such stanzas as these, as descriptive of particular poets:—

'And Burns, with *pungent passionings*
Set in his eyes. Deep lyric springs
Are of the *fire-mount's* issuings.

'And Shelley, in his *white ideal*,
All statue blind: and Keats, the real
Adonis, with the hymeneal

'Fresh, vernal buds half-sunk between
His youthful curls, kissed straight and sheen
In his Rome-grave, by Venus queen.

'And poor, proud Byron,—sad as grave,
And salt as life; forlornly brave,
And quivering with the dart he drave.

'And visionary Coleridge, who
Did sweep his thoughts as angels do
Their wings, *with cadence up the Blue.*'—Vol. i. p. 220.

Angels 'sweeping their wings *with cadence up the Blue,*' must be pronounced more fantastically visionary than Coleridge himself. These passages, here and there, betray rather a straining after the sublime, which does not succeed, than a reliance on the simple power which Mrs. Browning really possesses. It must strike the reader, too, that in one portion of these volumes she has been deeply infected by that imitation of Tennyson—perhaps unconsciously—which has spread itself so provokingly amongst our younger poets. 'The Lost Bower' is full of it. 'The Vision of Poets' is still more so; and 'The Romaunt of Margaret' is of the same borrowed character. We are delighted with the music of Tennyson's own poetry, but we would wish it to remain his; writers of real genius who echo it, do it to their loss; and we rejoice to perceive that, as Mrs. Browning proceeds, she gradually regains her own character. That character is one of peculiar beauty and earnestness. It is full of tenderest pathos, the most graceful fancy, and an imagination capable of reaching the heights and depths of the profoundest thought. 'The Drama of Exile,' or the banishment of Adam and Eve, shows Mrs. Browning to possess dramatic talent of the highest stamp. After Milton and Byron, the attempt was a bold one; but it is amply justified by its originality, by the masculine vigour of intellect, and the grave mastership of the language; while the character of Eve, drawn by a woman's hand, is pre-eminently beautiful. There is none of the impiety of Byron, nor of the recriminating spirit in the fallen pair which we have in Milton; they are fallen, but not so low as to weaken their love and trust in each other. There is something fantastic in the spirits of the zodiac presenting themselves in the way of the flying pair, but again the spirits of the earth, whom their transgression has plunged into trouble and dissonance, opposing and accusing them, and having no pity on them, till softened by the appearance and tender sentiments of the Saviour—has something very fine and original in it:—

"*Eve*— 'They wail, beloved! They speak of glory and God,
And they wail—wail! That burden of the song
Drops from it like its fruit, and heavily falls
Into the lap of silence!'

'*Adam*—

'Hark again!'

' First Spirit—

' I was so beautiful, so beautiful !
 My joy stood up within me bold and glad,
 To answer God—and when his work was full,
 To " very good," responded " very glad !"
 Filtered through roses, did the light enclose me,
 And bunches of the grape swam blue across me—
 Yet I wail !

' Second Spirit.—

' I bounded with my panthers ! I rejoiced
 In my young tumbling lions rolled together !
 My stag—the river at his fetlocks—poised,
 Then dipped his antlers through the golden weather.
 In the same ripple which the alligator
 Left in his joyous tumbling of the water—
 Yet I wail !

' First Spirit.—

' O my deep waters, cataract and flood,—
 What wordless triumph did your voices render !
 O mountain-summits, where the angels stood
 And shook from head and wing thick dews of splendour !
 How with a holy quiet did your earthy
 Accept the heavenly—knowing ye were worthy !
 Yet I wail.

' Second Spirit.—

' O my wild wood-dogs, with your listening eyes !
 My horses—my ground-eagles, for swift fleeing !
 My birds with viewless wings of harmonies—
 My calm, cold fishes of a silver being,—
 How happy were ye, living and possessing
 O fair half-souls, capacious of full blessing.
 Yet I wail !

' First Spirit.—

' I wail, I wail ! Now hear my charge to-day
 Thou man, thou woman, marked as the misdoers,
 By God's sword at your backs ! I lent my clay
 To make your bodies, which had grown more flowers :
 And now in change for what I lent, ye give me
 The thorn to vex, the tempest fire to cleave me—
 And I wail !'—Vol. i. p. 44.

The translation of the ' Prometheus Bound ' of Æschylus, in the same volume, is a noble achievement from the hand of a lady, and, indeed, the evidences of a solid classical scholarship abound in these volumes. But we turn from proofs of learning, however honourable, to the proofs of native genius, and that dedicated to the highest purposes, with a satisfaction the more profound because they are here pre-eminently noble. First, we would call the reader's attention to two superb sonnets, addressed to that eccentric and, from the splendour of her talents, unfortu-

nately, very mischievous, writer, Madame Dudevant, and which so favourably contrast the English female authoress with the French one.

‘TO GEORGE SAND.

(*A Desire.*)

‘Thou large-brained woman, and large-hearted man,
Self-called George Sand! whose soul, amid the lions
Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance,
And answers roar for roar, as spirits can :
I would some wild miraculous thunder ran
Above the applauded circus, in appliance
Of thine own noble nature’s strength and science,—
Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,
From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place
With holier light! That thou to woman’s claim
And man’s, might join besides the angel’s grace
Of a pure genius sanctified from blame ;
Till child and maiden pressed to thy embrace,
To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

‘TO GEORGE SAND.

(*A Recognition.*)

‘True genius, but true woman! dost deny
Thy woman’s nature with a manly scorn,
And break away the guards and armlets worn
By weaker woman in captivity?
Ah, vain denial! that revolted cry
Is sobbed in by a woman’s voice forlorn :—
Thy woman’s hair, my sister, all unshorn,
Flouts back dishevelled strength in agony,
Disproving thy man’s name : and while before
The world, thou burnest in a poet-fire,
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
Through the large flame. Beat purer heart, and higher,
Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore,
Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire.’—Vol. i. p. 346.

‘The Romaunt of the Page,’ ‘The Lay of the Brown Rosary,’ and ‘The Rhyme of the Duchess May,’ with which the second volume of these poems opens, are all poetic romances of the middle ages, told with singular power and harmony of diction ; but this volume is, indeed, amazingly rich in its contents, and the next piece, ‘Bertha in the Lane,’ a tribute to the noble disinterestedness of woman, is unrivalled in its pathetic beauty. A betrothed damsel, while wandering in the summer lanes, overhears her betrothed lover confessing to her sister Bertha, that she it is that he really loves—his betrothed ‘has all his esteem.’ The triumph of the poem is the exquisite manner, so simple, and so

full of feeling, in which it describes the triumph of the heart which has made this woful discovery over all its own wishes, and the heroic strength with which it secures the sister's happiness at the risk of its own life. The very next poem, 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' is a triumph of another sort. It has evidently been suggested by Tennyson's 'Locksley Hall,' it is no imitation however, but a rivalry. It attempts to describe a noble woman, as Tennyson has described, a weak one, yielding to conventional convenience. The hero in this case is a poet of peasant origin, and the heroine, a lady, not only of high beauty and accomplishment, but of very elevated rank.

'There's a lady—an earl's daughter; she is proud and she is noble,
And she treads the crimson carpet, and she breathes the perfumed air;
And a kingly blood sends glances up her princely eye to trouble,
And the shadow of a monarch's crown is softened in her hair.

'She has halls and she has castles, and the resonant steam-eagles
Follow far on the direction of her little dove-like hand—
Trailing on a thunderous vapour underneath the starry vigils,
So to mark upon the blasted heaven, the measure of her land.

'There are none of England's daughters who can show a prouder
presence;
Upon princely suitors suing, she has looked in her disdain:
She was sprung of English nobles, I was born of English peasants;
What was *I* that I should love her—save for feeling of the pain?

'I was only a poor poet, made for singing at her casement,
As the finches or the thrushes, while she thought of other things.
Oh she walked so high above me, she appeared, to my abasement
In her lovely silken manner, like an angel clad in wings!

'Many vassals bow before her, as her chariot sweeps their door-ways;
She hath blessed their little children—as a priest or queen were she!
Far too tender, or too cruel far, her smile upon the poor was,
For I thought it was the same smile which she used to smile on *me*.

'She has voters in the Commons, she has lovers in the palace,
And of all the fair court-ladies, few have jewels half as fine;
Even the prince has named her beauty, 'twixt the red wine and the
chalice;
Oh, and what was *I* to love her? my beloved, my Geraldine!

'Yet I could not choose but love her; I was born to poet-uses—
To love all set above me, all of good and all of fair.
Nymphs of the mountain, not of valley, we are wont to call the Muses,
And in nympholeptic climbing, poets pass from mount to star.

'And because I was a poet, and because the public praised me,
With their critical deductions, for the modern writer's fault,
I could sit at rich men's tables, though the courtesies that raised me,
Still suggested clear between us, the pale spectrum of the salt.

'And they praised me in her presence—"Will your book appear this summer?"

Then returning to each other—"Yes, our plans are for the moors;"
Then with whisper dropped behind me—"There he is! the last
new-comer!"

Oh, she only likes his verses! what is over she endures.

'Quite low-born! self-educated! somewhat gifted though by nature—
And we make a point of asking him—of being very kind;

You may speak, he does not hear you; and besides he writes no satire—
These new charmers who keep serpents have the antique sting
resigned."

'I grew scornfuller, grew colder, as I stood up there among them—
Till as frost intense will burn you, the cold scorning scorched my
brow;

When a sudden silver speaking, gravely cadenced, over-rung them,
And a sudden silken stirring touched my inner nature through.

'I looked upward and beheld her! With a calm and regnant spirit,
Slowly round she swept her eyelids, and said clear before them all—

"Have you such superfluous honour, sir, that, able to confer it,
You will come down, Mr. Bertram, as my guest to Wycombe Hall?"'

—Vol. ii. p. 97.

So writes the poet from Wycombe Hall to a friend. The visit there, the description of the place, with its grand old rooms, its gardens, its woods, its fountains and lakes—the aristocratic company, and the way in which the time was passed—wandering in the grounds, or seated in the library with talk of poetry and poets, of life and of books, while the more jovial were out after the hounds—the flocking round the lady hostess of proud suitors, the poor poet's passion, his outburst of indignation when he thinks that his feelings have been sported with by the noble fair one—and the charming *denouement* which this produces—are all sketched with a brave hand, and form one of the most charming and finely-elaborated poems in the language. There is such a noble nature in the noble and beautiful woman, and the author has left you so uncertain of the turn which things will take till the last moment—whether we are to have a fascinating intellectual syren, or a true-hearted maiden—that the effect is indescribably delightful.

But fine as this is, there are poems following still finer. They are steeped in the strongest and tenderest sympathies of humanity. They are called all warm from the heart by the miseries that haunt the daily walks of life—the deeds of base oppression—the lash and manacle of the tyrant—the grinding of the bones and sinews of children to make us bread. 'The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point' is a passionate and trenchant denunciation of American slavery. The author seizes on the

antithesis of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers to make the wrongs of the captive negro-women tell with terrible effect.

'I stand on the mark beside the shore
Of the first white pilgrim's bended knee,
Where exile turned to ancestor,
And God was thanked for liberty.
I have run through the night, my skin is dark,
I bend my knee down on this mark—
I look on sea and sky.

'O pilgrim-souls I speak to you !
I see you come out proud and slow
From the land of the spirits pale as dew—
And round and round me ye go !
O pilgrims! I have gasped and run
All night long from the whips of one
Who, in your names, works sin and woe.

'And thus I thought that I would come
And kneel here where I knelt before,
And feel your souls around me hum
In undertone to the ocean's roar ;
And lift my black face, my black hand,
Here, in your names, to curse this land,
Ye blessed in freedom's evermore.

'I am black, I am black ;
And yet God made me, they say.
But if He did so, smiling back,
He must have cast his work away
Under the feet of his white creatures,
With a look of scorn—that the dusky features
Might be trodden again to clay.

'And yet He has made dark things
To be glad and merry as light.
There's a little blackbird, sits and sings ;
There's a dark stream ripples out of sight ;
And the dark frogs chant in the safe morass,
And the sweetest stars are made to pass
O'er the face of the darkest night.

'But *we* who are dark, we are dark !
Ah, God, we have no stars !
About our souls in care and cark
Our blackness shuts like prison-bars ;
The poor souls crouch so far behind,
That never a comfort can they find
By reaching through the prison-bars.'—Vol. ii. p. 129.

But we must not indulge in further witness of the wild grief of the unhappy black woman ; our space reminds us that we must draw to a close, which we do with regret.

Whatever may be the eccentricities of style in which Mrs. Browning indulges, or the colours and tones which she may catch from others in passing, she never departs from the sacred sense of her mission. With her, poetry is a high art exercised for a high purpose—the soothing and encouraging of afflicted humanity. This pervades all her writings. Their ideal is not more lofty than their moral character. Though residing in Italy her spirit is essentially English. There is not a touch of foreign sentiment, nor a trace of foreign manner. Her verses might be composed in an English library or under the green oaks of an English park. If we may judge by the tone and spirit of Mr. Browning's last work, her influence is as much felt and as persuasively operative in its deep religious tone by her own hearth as in her published volumes. Of these we trust that we shall yet receive many more, for we can point to none of our female writers who, combining solemn purpose with large intellect and the same intensity of imagination, are more fitted to make a truly beneficial impression on their age, while they are delighting it by the beauty of their thoughts and the music of their numbers.

ART. IV.—*History of Ancient Art among the Greeks. Translated from the German of John Winckelmann. 8vo. By G. H. Lodge. London: John Chapman.*

AMONG the nations of antiquity, the Greeks were not only the most refined and civilized, but also the most reflective and learned. They occupied the most exalted position in every branch of art and science. They were great as philosophers and legislators, poets and moralists, and were unsurpassed as orators, and as admirers and cultivators of whatever is sublime and beautiful. If ancient Greece boasted of the most eminent statesmen, philosophers, and poets, it boasted no less of its artists—sculptors in particular. With this gifted people, sculpture, as, indeed, art generally, was something more than a mere mechanical pursuit. It was here, but chiefly in sculpture, that the Greek conceptions of sublime and glowing fancies were embodied in the productions of what may justly be termed a race of inspired artists. Whatever were the causes which favoured the display of the wonderful genius of the ancient Greek sculptors—whether their superiority was owing to a fine and brilliant

climate, as Winckelmann and others assert, or to the prevalence of beautiful forms; or, finally, to the various public exercises that were so general in ancient Greece—it is an undisputed fact, that as for heroic and dramatic poetry, philosophy, and oratory, so also for sculpture, they are unrivalled. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to suppose that whatever is excellent and beautiful in Greek sculpture was purely owing to the accidents just enumerated, as we shall endeavour to show presently. The perfection of Greek sculpture was owing, in a very great measure, to a totally different circumstance. They made Nature, in her fairest and most perfect forms, their model, and acting on the knowledge thus obtained, their productions were similar to their great exemplar. In this circumstance we discover the secret of the superiority of their schools. While the Persians, the Egyptians, the Etruscans, and even the Romans, were confined within a very limited circle, the Greeks attained the utmost excellency possible to human knowledge. While sculpture in Egypt was no better than monstrous ideas made visible in monstrous forms, that of Greece was an embodiment of whatever was sublime, beautiful, and noble. But even in Etruscan and Roman art, how much is owing to Greek influence—to a connexion which at one time or other existed between Etruria, Rome, and Greece? Little originality and beauty of conception may be traced in either of the former. Indeed, it may safely be said, that both the Romans and the Etruscans were, to a considerable extent, mere imitators of the Greeks, and altogether indebted to them for the possession of a knowledge of this art. Hence art with them never advanced beyond certain limits. Their art, like that of the ancient Persians, is a mere inanimate and lifeless representation of objects, without that elevation of sentiment which distinguishes and spreads an indescribable charm over Hellenic art. For, inasmuch as it rose in Greece, superior to all those prejudices which restricted its advancement elsewhere, it became something more than a merely mechanical pursuit.

We have said, that the secret of the superiority of the schools of Greece consisted in the Greeks making Nature their model. So true is this, that they had a law, we are told, which subjected artists to a fine if their works were inferior in beauty to the objects which they professed to imitate.* Nor were the habits of the Greek people, as has justly been said, less favourable to this natural sensibility to the charms of beautiful forms. Institutions of various kinds, in which the youthful mind was trained alike to scientific pursuits and the pleasures of life, were frequented by all classes, who were thus in the habit of seeing the

* S. Lessing, *Laocoon*, vol. ii. p. 12. *Tren. De Pict.*, vol. ii. p. 4, and elsewhere.

human form in its various aspects and phases, draped or naked, in repose or in action. So that while the disciple of art—the sculptor as well as the painter—was storing his mind with ideas of the beauty and capabilities of the human figure, the mere spectator was acquiring the knowledge which enabled him to become a competent judge of imitative art, whenever he met with it in the course of life.

Among the favourite institutions in Greece were the Gymnasia, in which young men were trained to take part in the public games, such as racing, fighting, wrestling, and so on. Great importance was attached to distinction in these games, and the education of the youth was, therefore, very strict and careful. No means were neglected to increase the elegance, strength, suppleness, and active powers of the body. Now the artist, or, to speak more definitely, the sculptor, who, frequenting these institutions, had before him the finest forms which discipline and judicious training could produce, naturally benefited by such an exhibition. The small head, thick neck, deep and spacious chest, the broad shoulders, and the sinewy and well-knit frame, of the wrestler, suggested the elements of a Hercules; the clean legs, small, well-knit joints, and light proportions, of the victor in the foot-race, furnished the form of Hermes, or Mercury; while the union of strength and agility in the *athletæ* formed the primary foundation of the statues of gods, demigods, and heroes, in which Greek history as well as mythology abounds.

The same rule also applies to the embodiment of female beauty; not that ancient Greece was favoured before other nations in this respect. It would be easy to prove that this was not the case; but wherever female beauty *was* found, it was sure to form the material for the sculptor's inspiration.

Having thus access to the best models, the Greek sculptor inquired into their moral character, and by a union of the two, was enabled to embody those *ideal* beauties, which up to the present day constitute the main charm of Greek sculpture. If to this be added the high purpose to which sculpture was applied in Greece, and the general interest that was felt in its productions—for, be it remembered, that that classic land had her critics as well as her philosophers and statesmen—we then shall understand the success with which this art was practised. The mind of the sculptor was enlarged by reflection on the great objects of his labours. Praise or profit was not found among the motives by which he was actuated. 'He felt, and truly felt,' it is said, 'that his art, properly practised and rightly understood, was capable of producing great moral effects upon those who were to contemplate them, and, consequently, in the best period of Greek art, the appeal was always made to the higher feelings rather than the

mere senses. The artist did not produce his works to gratify a patron—however different the case might have been in Rome—but to improve a people; and, whether they were destined for the temple, the grove, the portico, or the place in which the public games were celebrated; whether, like the Jupiter of Olympus, they were intended to excite religious impressions of the majesty of the gods; or, as in the *icones*, *i. e.* portrait statues, in Altis, to stimulate the energy of the youths of Greece to gain distinction in the public games—the sculptor felt, and he acquired power as he was impressed with the ennobling idea, that he was contributing to a great end. This is the principle of the success of the arts in Greece; and in the presence or absence of this recognition of the public utility of art, may be discovered the causes of its comparative success or failure in the other nations and in later times.’ It was this public expression of its utility which gave rise to a Phidias, Praxiteles, Glaucias, Onatas, Myron, Polycletus, Ageladas, and a host of other immortal names, whose admirable creations have descended, in a more or less perfect state, to posterity.

The foregoing remarks have been called forth by the nature of the book before us, which is neither more nor less than a *history of ancient art among the Greeks*; and is, therefore, something like a novelty, especially in these our days. If to this be added that the work is from the pen of one of the greatest antiquarians and scholars of the age, it will be readily concluded that it must be of no common order. And so it is, in spite of the peculiar view the author seems to take of Greece, its inhabitants, form of mind and disposition, legislative institutions, &c. However, as some of our readers may, perchance, be unacquainted with the history and character of the writer, we subjoin a brief account of his life, which we do the more willingly as it will form an illustration of the peculiar views expressed in the work under consideration; and show, further, how genius, although labouring under the most unfavourable circumstances, will overcome every difficulty, and break in upon the world in all its strength and beauty when least expected.

Johann Joachim Winckelmann, a native of Stendal, in Prussia, was born in the year 1717. Being of poor parentage, his desire to study, for which he had early displayed an extraordinary disposition, could not be satisfied. He was placed in the Free-school of his native town, where he laboured with such zeal, that in a very short time he rose to the top of the school, and attracted the notice of his teachers, and, among the rest, of the rector, or head-master, who, in consequence, took him into his house, where he remained until 1735, when he went to Berlin, and was admitted student of the Köllnische

Gymnasium. Having spent two years in this place, he returned to Stendal, whence, in a short time, he set out for Halle, with the intention of devoting himself to the study of divinity. Finding, however, that theology did not suit his inquiring and classical spirit, he entered, in the year 1741, on the situation of tutor in a private family, which he exchanged twelvemonths afterwards, for one at a place called Heimersleben, near Halberstadt, where he devoted himself to the study of universal history. Owing to his great learning he was very soon appointed co-rector, or second head master of the school at Seehausen. During the whole of this period, his biographers tell us, he seldom went to bed, as he was used to sleep on a bench, wrapped in a fur cloak (in which we often find him represented), devoting what time he could spare from four in the morning until twelve at night to the study of history and ancient literature. Tired, however, of the miserable life he here led, he applied to Büнау, a German nobleman, who made him secretary of his library, at his seat, called Nöthenitz, near Dresden, with the munificent salary of twelve pounds sterling per annum: a situation which he gladly accepted, although he felt at the time that he was fitted for better things than reaching books from the shelves to some stray visitor, or writing for the librarian and his noble master.

Living thus in the neighbourhood of the capital of Saxony, and being attracted by its great and splendid picture-gallery, he frequently visited this place, grew acquainted with some of the leading artists of the day, and determined to become one himself. Finding it, however, too late to apply practically to any of the arts, he resolved to devote himself to the study of their theory and history: a resolution to which he adhered most conscientiously; and which, in due season, bore most excellent fruits. It was about this time that he made the acquaintance of a Monsignore Archinto, the Pope's Nuncio, who for some time resided at Nöthenitz, and, being struck with Winckelmann's great learning and universal acquirements, offered to procure him a situation in the Vatican library, or, at least, a pension, which would enable him to pursue his studies at Rome, provided he would renounce the faith of his fathers, and embrace the Romish creed. This he did in 1754, in which year also he gave up his situation at Nöthenitz. Of the *morale* of this recantation there can be no question. It was of the lowest possible order, and exhibits Winckelmann in any other than a reputable light.

As the promised pension, without which he could not set out for Rome, was not forthcoming, he took up in the meantime his abode at Dresden, where he prosecuted his new studies with redoubled ardour, and the immediate result was a treatise

entitled, 'Gedanken über die Nachahmung der Griechischen Kuntstwerke'; *i. e.* Reflections upon the Imitation of Greek works of Art; which he published in 1755. About this time the promised pension arrived from Rome, which, together with one granted him by the Elector of Saxony for two years, enabled him to set out for the Eternal City. Here he was presented to the Pope, Benedict XIV., and, in consequence, he soon became known to the leading members of the literary and scientific world at Rome, as well as to the most celebrated virtuosi of that place. About a year after his arrival in Rome, he published a new edition of the treatise above mentioned, together with others. He next undertook a journey to Naples, for the purpose of examining the remains of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Pæstum, which then excited a general interest among the learned. It was about this time that he was engaged by Archinto, to arrange his library, who, with true Italian liberality, gave him for his trouble *free apartments*, but *no salary*. Soon afterwards he made a catalogue of the cabinet of cameos and coins formerly belonging to a Baron Stosch, which was published under the title 'Description des Pierres gravées du feu Baron de Stosch': a task, which he executed at Florence. Cardinal Albani, a man of literary attainments and considerable eminence, now engaged him as librarian, and custos of his gallery of antiquities, with apartments free, and a monthly salary of ten scudi: a situation exactly suited to Winckelmann's tastes and habits, and which, with his pension from Dresden, enabled him to live comfortably in the pursuit of his interesting studies.

In 1763, he was appointed Antiquario della Camera Apostolica, with a monthly pay of fifteen scudi, and this, together with the fifty scudi allowed him per annum, by Cardinal Albani, as a retaining salary for the first vacancy in the Vatican library, was at that time considered a handsome income for a single person. The year previously he published his 'Anmerkungen über die Baukunst der Alten'; *i. e.* Remarks on the Architecture of the Ancients. It had been for some time his favourite wish to publish a history of ancient art, but his comparative poverty prevented him from doing so. Under existing circumstances, however, this wish of his was realized; so that there appeared at length his 'Geschichte der Kunst des Alterthums'; *i. e.* History of Ancient Art, which produced at the time a profound sensation. It made him known throughout Europe, and caused him to be elected member of most foreign, literary, and scientific societies. Together with this work he published his 'Sendschreiben über die Herculianischen Alterthümer'; *i. e.* A Letter on the Antiquities of Herculaneum; and 'Nachrichten von den neuesten

Herculanischen Entdeckungen,' Accounts of the most recent Discoveries made at Herculaneum. Two years later, there appeared his 'Monumenti Antichi Inediti,' with very numerous and most beautiful plates; and in 1767, his 'Anmerkungen zur Geschichte der Kunst'; *i. e.* Notes to the History of Art; which is a kind of supplement to his 'History of Ancient Art.'

After an absence of twelve years, he undertook a journey to his fatherland, in the course of which he lost his life in a tragical manner. He had no sooner arrived in Germany, than finding, or fancying, that its climate did not agree with his health, he determined on an immediate return to his adopted country. He was received with open arms and the utmost distinction, wherever he went, and the most advantageous overtures were made to him as an inducement to remain, but nothing could change his resolution; and he left Germany for Italy, arriving at Trieste in the beginning of June, 1768. He was accompanied by an Italian of the name of Francesco Archangeli, formerly cook to the Count Cataldo, in Vienna. This fellow perceiving the simplicity of Winckelmann's character, gradually gained his confidence, and in an evil hour was shown a gold medal and other valuable presents which he had received during his brief stay in Germany. At Trieste, Winckelmann had to wait for a vessel which was to take him to Ancona. Francesco Archangeli, however, anxious to possess the valuable things shown him by his unsuspecting companion, now came apparently to take leave, saying that urgent business called him to the Venetian States, and requesting of him, at the same time, as a particular favour, to show him once more the gold medal he had received in the capital of Austria. Winckelmann of course complied. But while he was so doing, the Italian struck him with a knife in the belly, inflicting several wounds, in consequence of which he died in a few hours. The assassin was immediately arrested. But, although he paid with his life for the murder, this could not retrieve the irreparable loss sustained by Art.

Several editions of Winckelmann's complete works have been published under the superintendence of the most able men in Germany. Some of them have been translated into the French, Italian, Russian, English, and other languages.

Let us now turn for a while to the volume before us, which the translator has chosen, 'because it treats,' he tells us, 'of Greek art, the monuments of which are far more numerous and interesting than those of any other nation, and because it presents a systematic exposition of the principles by which the author supposed the Greek artists to have been governed in

the conception and conformation of those works which still stand the noblest creations of artistic genius, and about which the students and the lovers of beauty, grace, and majesty, still gather with admiration and reverence.' (Translator's Preface.)

It is almost impossible to pass an opinion on the merits of this work, inasmuch as it is professedly a mere fragment, and a very small one too, of Winckelmann's 'History of Ancient Art,' which, besides the Greek art, embraces that of the Egyptians, Phœnicians, Etruscans, and other nations. However, what little we have to say, we will say it in a candid and unbiassed manner.

That Winckelmann was well fitted for the task of writing a History of Ancient Art, no one will deny, who is acquainted with his profound learning and genius. He was richly endowed with all the powers and elements which an undertaking of this kind requires. Though not destined to be an artist himself, he undoubtedly possessed, in the highest degree, the power of appreciating artistic skill wherever it was met with, but never more so than when seen in the garb of antiquity. We have seen how, at an early period of life, he made himself acquainted with the history and literature of Greece, so that his mind, long before he thought of devoting his life to the study of ancient art, had acquired a classical and antique cast, which, when surrounded by her glorious works, made him feel, think, and speak like a Greek. Hence proceeded the contempt he cherished for modern art; as, in his opinion, distinguished for nothing but exaggeration, fantastic conceit, and affectation; features which never appear in a worse light than when compared with the simplicity, purity, and truth of the creations of antiquity.

But, we venture to say, in spite of all this, that what Winckelmann chooses to call his 'History of Ancient Art,' is anything but it: being in reality neither more nor less than an enumeration and critical examination of the merits of ancient works of art, and the causes to which they owe their existence. To speak with the translator, Winckelmann 'is not contented with presenting to view the most beautiful monuments of human genius, but he investigates and exhibits the sources of their beauty, the characteristics of their style, and the reasons why they still command the admiration of the world, even as they did in those distant ages when, like Minerva, they came into being, radiant with wisdom and beauty.'

Hence that part of the work before us, which in some degree partakes of the nature of *history*, is almost exclusively confined to the first chapter of the first part; whilst the remainder is

pure criticism, or something akin to it. Now, in this chapter assertions are made, and causes are assigned for the success of Greek art, which, we think, are not borne out by facts; as, for example, where the author speaks of the influence the climate exercised in the production of the masterpieces of ancient Greece.

‘The influence of climate,’ he says, ‘must vivify the seed from which art is to be produced; and for this seed Greece was the chosen soil. The talent for philosophy was believed by Epicurus to be exclusively Greek; but this pre-eminence might be claimed more correctly for art. The Greeks acknowledged and prized the happy clime under which they lived, though it did not extend to them the enjoyment of a perennial spring; for, on the night when the revolt against the Spartan government broke out in Thebes, it snowed so violently as to confine every one to the house. Moderateness of temperature constituted its superiority, and is to be regarded as one of the more remote causes of that excellence which art attained among the Greeks. The climate gave birth to a joyousness of disposition; this, in its turn, invented games and festivals; and both together fostered art, which had already reached its highest pinnacle at a period when that which we call learning was utterly unknown to the Greeks. At this time they attached a peculiar signification to the honourable title of author, who before was regarded with a certain degree of contempt; and Plato makes Socrates say, that distinguished men, in Greek cities, had not drawn up or left behind them any writings, for fear of being numbered among the sophists.

‘Much that might seem ideal to us was natural among them. Nature, after having passed step by step through cold and heat, established herself in Greece. Here, where a temperature prevails which is balanced between winter and summer, she chose her central point; and the higher she approaches it the more genial and joyous does she become, and the more general is her influence in producing conformations full of spirit and wit, and features strongly marked and rich in promise.’—§§ v. and vi. pp 4, 5.

All this, no doubt, appears at first sight very plausible and very true. But, while we admit the former proposition, we very much question the soundness of the latter, which, certainly, is contradicted by some of the ablest and most trustworthy writers of antiquity. It is a fact, that none of those states in which the arts of design and sculpture most flourished, were in this respect peculiarly favoured beyond others. The climate of Attica, for example, it is allowed on all hands, was very unequal; and though vegetation appeared in the greatest luxuriance in some spots, in others the soil was barren and naked; resembling more the Russian steppes of the present day, than the lovely spots so much extolled by some writers. So much for the beautiful climate of ancient Greece.

Nor can we go all lengths with our author, who so eloquently expatiates on the corporeal beauty of the ancient Greeks. In the same place, from which we have just quoted, Winckelmann says :—

‘ Where clouds and heavy mists rarely prevail, but nature acts in a serene and gladsome atmosphere, such as Euripides describes the Athenian, she imparts an earlier maturity to the body ; she is distinguished for vigorous development, especially of the female form ; and it is reasonable to suppose that in Greece she perfected man to the highest degree—for what the scholiasts assert respecting the long heads or long faces of the inhabitants of the island of Eubœa is an absurd dream, devised for the sole purpose of finding the derivation of the name of a people there, called *Μάκρωνες*.’—§ vi. p. 5.

Now, so far from this being the case, there is much reason to believe, that the Athenians, who most excelled in the fine arts, were by no means distinguished above other Grecians for this quality. Cicero, speaking of the crowd of young men whom he saw at Athens, says that *there were few who were really handsome*. But, what is no less curious, is the fact that of all the women whose celebrity for beauty has reached us, not one appears to support, in this respect, the honour of Athens. The celebrated Phryne, for example, was a native of Thebes ; Aspasia was born at Miletus ; and so it is with the rest, not one of whom claimed Athens as her native place. And when Zeuxis, the great painter, desired to procure the most beautiful models for his Venus, it is said he produced his masterpiece from the study of seven virgins of Crotona. We do not, of course, mean to deny the existence of beautiful forms amongst the Athenians ; all we wish to show is, that it is not to this that their success in the imitative arts can with justice be ascribed. The admiration of beauty amongst the Lacedemonians is admitted ; but the fine arts, as is well known, were not permitted to be practised in Sparta. In other parts of Greece, also, personal beauty conferred a title to distinction ; but no school of art arose out of this which at any period equalled, or attempted to equal, that of Athens.

The constitution and form of government, too, of which the author speaks in such glowing terms, can scarcely be said to have affected Greek art. With respect to this, Winckelmann says :—

‘ The independence of Greece is to be regarded as the most prominent of the causes, originating in its constitution and government, of its superiority in art. Liberty had always held her seat in this country, even near the throne of kings—whose rule was paternal—before the increasing light of reason had shown to its inhabitants the blessings of entire freedom. Thus, Homer calls Agamemnon a shepherd of his people, to signify his love for them, and his solicitude for their welfare. Although tyrants afterwards succeeded in establishing themselves, still

they did so in their territories alone ; the nation, as a whole, never recognised a common ruler ; and, prior to the conquest of Naxos by the Athenians, no free state in Greece had ever subjugated another. Hence, no individual possessed the sole prerogative of greatness in his own country, and the power of gaining immortality for himself to the exclusion of all others.'—§ xii. ; p. 10.

Whatever may have been the nature and form of the Greek constitutions and governments—and the report concerning either is rather vague—this much we know, that the arts flourished where the most different, and not seldom arbitrary, forms existed. Corinth held a secondary rank among the cities of art, while Athens and Sicyon were in the first. Neither had wealth, pomp, or luxury, the slightest effect on Grecian art. Indeed, if either of them had been necessary, or alone favourable for its success, it would have been exhibited among many of the splendid communities of Asia, and not been left to its comparatively tardy development in the small, scattered, and often disturbed, states of Greece.

There is a great deal more of truth in what the writer says respecting the honour and respect in which the Greek artists were held :—

'A wise man,' he says, 'was the most highly honoured ; he was known in every city, as the richest is among us ; just as the younger Scipio was, who brought the statue of Cybele to Rome. The artist also could attain to this respect. Socrates, indeed, pronounced the artists the only true wise, as being actually, not apparently so ; it was probably from this conviction that Æsop constantly associated with sculptors and architects. At a much later period, Diognetus, the painter, was one of those who taught Marcus Aurelius philosophy. This emperor acknowledged that he had learned of him to distinguish truth from falsehood, and not to regard follies as merits. The artist could become a lawgiver, for all the lawgivers were common citizens, as Aristotle testifies. He could command an army like Lamachus, one of the neediest citizens of Athens, and see his statue placed besides those of Miltiades and Themistocles, and even near those of the gods themselves. Thus, Xenophilus and Strabo placed statues of themselves, in a sitting posture, close to the statues of Æsculapius and Hygeia, at Argos ; Chirisophus, the sculptor of the Apollo at Tegen, stood in marble near his work ; the figure of Alcamenes was wrought in relief on the summit of the temple of Eleusis ; and Parrhasius and Silanian, in their picture of Theseus, were honoured together with the hero himself. Other artists put their names upon their works—as Phidias, for example, at the feet of the Olympian Jupiter. The names of the artists also appeared on different statues of the victors at Elis ; and on the chariot with four bronze horses, which Dinomenes erected to his father Hiero, king of Syracuse, was an inscription in two lines, to the effect that Onatas was the artist. Still, however, this custom was not so general, that the absence of the artist's name upon admira-

ble statues proves them, conclusively, to be works of later times. Such an inference was to be expected only from those who had seen Rome in dreams, or, like young travellers, in one month.

‘The reputation and success of artists were not dependent upon the caprice of ignorance and arrogance, nor were their works fashioned to suit the wretched taste or the incompetent eye of a judge set up by flattery and fawning; but the wisest of the whole nation, in the assembly of united Greece, passed judgment upon, and rewarded, them and their works; and at Delphos, as well as at Corinth, contests in painting, for which judges were specially appointed, were instituted in the time of Phidias. The first contest of the kind was between Panænus, the brother, or, as others have it, the nephew of Phidias, and Timagoras of Chalcis, in which the latter won the prize. Before such judges Ætion appeared with his picture of Alexander and Roxana; the presiding judge, named Proxenides, who pronounced the decision, bestowed his daughter in marriage upon the artist. We also see that the judges were not dazzled by a brilliant reputation in other cities, so as to deny to merit its rights; for at Samos, the picture by Timanthes, representing the decision upon the arms of Achilles, was preferred to that of Parrhasius.

‘The judges, however, were not unacquainted with the arts; for there was a time in Greece when its youth were taught in the schools of art as well as philosophy; Plato learned drawing at the same time with the higher sciences. The design was, as Aristotle says, that they might acquire a correct knowledge and judgment of beauty.

‘Hence the artist wrought for immortality; and the value set upon his works placed him in a position to elevate his art above all mere mercenary considerations. Thus, it is known that Polygnotus gratuitously embellished with paintings the portico at Athens, and also, as it appears, a public edifice at Delphos, in which he represented the taking of Troy. Gratitude for the latter work seems to have induced the Amphictyons, or national council of the Greeks, to award to the noble-minded artist the honour of being entertained at the public expense throughout Greece.’—§§ xxiii.—xxviii. pp. 18—21.

We have endeavoured to point out, as briefly as possible, what we conceive to be the errors under which this learned and indefatigable writer labours when assigning causes for the success of Art among the ancient Greeks. We deeply regret that our limited space will not allow us to dwell longer on so interesting a subject. We refer the reader to the volume itself; a perusal of which, independently of the numerous admirable plates with which it is embellished, will amply repay his trouble. We cannot conclude, however, without saying, that the remarks contained in the remainder of the work on the essential of art—the conformation and beauty of the male deities and heroes—the conformation and beauty of the female deities and heroines—the expression of beauty in features and action—proportion—composition—beauty in individual parts of the body—

&c. &c., are both admirable and true. And we, therefore, fully agree with the able translator, who, in allusion to Winckelmann and his performance, observes, that

‘The soundness of his judgment, the acuteness and originality of his observations, and the copiousness of his illustrations, drawn from an intimate familiarity with every extant monument of ancient art, and with everything in ancient classic literature which could elucidate the subject to which he had devoted his life, render him the most trustworthy, instructive, and delightful of the writers on art.’

A careful study of Winckelmann’s ‘History of Ancient Art,’ and a thoughtful consideration of the great principles embodied in it, must necessarily tend to form a pure, correct, and elevated taste, and for this end we commend its early perusal.

ART. V.—*Voyage of the ‘Prince Albert’ in Search of Sir John Franklin. A Narrative of Every-Day Life in the Arctic Regions.*
By W. Parker Snow. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

SCARCELY any of the mystery in which the fate of Sir John Franklin is enveloped has been cleared away by the inquiries set on foot for that purpose. We are, consequently, left in the same dim uncertainty as to whether, blocked up and surrounded by floes and icebergs, he exists in a strange world of his own, unable either to advance or return; or whether his vessels, overwhelmed by some terrific storm, have sunk in one of those silent seas where the voice of man is seldom heard. No record will, in all probability, ever reach us of the toil and danger he has experienced—of the rare and marvellous things he has beheld—of the startling scenery, magnificent in its strange desolation, he has witnessed—of the new stores he would have added to the wealth of science. What mighty perils he has passed—what glorious triumphs of thought achieved, as guided by an invisible, but certain, instinct, he resolutely steered his vessel into waters never before ruffled by the efforts of man—what alternate feelings of hope and despair have assailed him—we shall, in all probability, never learn. His fate and fortunes are still overshadowed by a mystery which it is left for future time to unravel.

Surmises, therefore, are almost worse than useless; but, in common with all who have ever heard his name, we share the hope that he may, at an hour however distant, reappear before us as the hero of countless adventures, full of extraordinary revela-

tions, worn with years of anxiety and fatigue, but victorious in the success of a mighty undertaking. And this not less for his own sake, than for her whose touching zeal has excited universal admiration and sympathy. It is not the province of the reviewer often to touch upon a chord like this; but we cannot take up the volume before us, and think one moment upon its object, without a thrill of admiration of the rare affection which was the means of calling it into existence.

The little vessel in which Mr. Snow journeyed was fitted out by Lady Franklin herself, for the purpose of proceeding on a voyage of discovery, under the command of Captain Forsyth, who generously volunteered his services on the occasion, as did also our enthusiastic and intrepid author. That less was accomplished by the *Prince Albert* than was originally intended, is indisputable; that she returned after the end of four months, instead of wintering in the Arctic Ocean, and exploring Cape Boothia, is a source of considerable regret to Mr. Snow, as it must be to all who peruse his entertaining work. What were precisely the causes which contributed to produce the determination to return, instead of waiting the breaking up of the ice, does not appear. Whether a sudden doubt as to the possibility of the project oppressed them, or a mistrust of the capability of their little bark to undergo the perils of a winter in those rigorous climates arose in the mind of the exploring expedition, cannot be clearly ascertained. Certain it is, that, although Mr. Snow, from private reasons, into which he has the prudence not to enter, perceived that a journey homeward was necessary, he is constantly found expressing his regret that, after having only just reached the field of their labours, they should return hastily, without in reality making any very important discovery.

The failure of the actual expedition, however, does not detract from the interest awakened by Mr. Snow's narrative. A mastery over language, the evidences of an active imagination, and considerable powers of observation, conspire to produce the impression that this journal is the production of an educated man, who has travelled much, and made, in every respect, the most of his time.

We cannot linger upon the threshold, but plunge at once with our author into the icy regions through which it has been his fate to travel. Nothing peculiarly new or interesting to the general reader occurred until they had fairly reached the entrance to the frozen seas. The vessel was elegant and firmly built; the crew were dauntless and hardy, and, animated by a deep interest in the cause in which they were engaged, and not a little degree of pride was aroused by the reflection that they were about to share the same dangers as he had done who had

gone before them—just the spirits, in fact, fit to be entrusted with the mission committed to them.

Much unfavourable weather, and many vexatious delays caused by contrary winds, at first greatly retarded them from entering upon the actual field of their labours; while it unconsciously, perhaps, was also deadening something of the ardent enthusiasm more early awakened. All eyes were on the look-out for the first iceberg which, like the outpost of some mighty city, should denote that they were in reality within the limits of the Frozen Sea. At length, gleaming like an enormous crag sheathed in moonshine, a broken, irregular, jagged, glistening substance, rocked upon the waves, and all on board, as they strained their gaze towards it, knew that they had beheld one of those destructive masses of ice which wander over the surface of the treacherous waters of the Arctic Ocean. Another and another berg rose beyond; and from the dim vapour gradually stealing over rock and wave, these sparkling crags jutted out now and then, while a sheet of almost unbillowed waters ruffled silently along their feet, laving them, as it were, in low-murmuring submission. Imagination, so prone to idealize what the eye has not actually rested upon, has, in its most gorgeous and fertile moods, scarcely perhaps realized the strange and marvellous landscapes into which nature has moulded herself in the Arctic regions. It is as if, over the ruins of fallen cities and whole countries convulsed, a spirit had withdrawn all vitality, and converted their shattered hills and plains and habitations into crystal. Everything reflects and irradiates a white glare, too oppressive to be long dwelt upon by the eye. Vast ridges of mountains, their forms half-curtained by continual fogs, their cloud-capped summits reposing against the leaden sky; while between, white-bosomed valleys, where the snows of many a winter lie unmelted, stretch untrodden and barren, unless perchance in some lofty nook, a little spot is seen where a timid plant trembles into existence, or a mossy stone upon the beach contrasts strangely with the lifeless scenery around. Over the ocean the gaze is bounded by towering bergs which rise one behind the other as far as the eye can reach, disclosing long tortuous channels, and white defiles, diverging like the streets of a great city. Miles of glistening ice stretch far away, and every vista is terminated by the same unchanging scene. No living thing seems to invade the repose. No bird or fish was at first seen. All, from the snow-capped summits of the hills, the ever-shifting bergs, the glistening beds of ice, the unconscious motion of the sea, was silence; and often, as the undarkened night came on, and as, rolling the waters noiselessly from under her keel, the little ship glided

through the spectral channels, where nor sound was heard, nor motion felt, it seemed, indeed, as if—

‘They were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.’

The midnight sun, hanging on the verge of the mountains, with its blood-red glow and rayless circle, imparted a still stranger aspect to everything; and those who had never before penetrated into this region were deeply impressed with the marvellous varieties of the beautiful and strange world in which they now found themselves. Every hour imparted fresh food for wonder and admiration. Sometimes, in the dead of the night, a huge mass of snow seemed to wrench itself forcibly from the mountain-side, and bound and rebound over ledge after ledge, until, with a roar more grand than heaven's artillery, it fell into the sea, but, after convulsing the waters for a great distance, would suddenly emerge and drift over the ocean in company with the other bergs, into one of which the avalanche becomes converted. Sometimes, one of these icebergs is suddenly seen to totter and shake, while, all around, the waters quiver and tremble as if agitated by an earthquake; then, with a sound like the roar of cannons, it bursts asunder, and plunges into the sea, rising again with the cone reversed, and disclosing a broad, even surface of ice, from which cascades and numerous *jets d'eau* are often seen to stream. Every valley re-echoes with the sound; the sea-bird soars with fluttering wing to some more peaceful habitation, and nature gradually resumes the awful silence to which in these regions she appears to have resigned herself, unless some mighty throe of the pent-up passions of her own bosom occurs to break it.

Completely within the frozen circle, the crew of the *Albert* prepared for active contact with the ice. The ‘Crow's Nest,’ a sort of barrel fixed at the mast-head, was hoisted; ice-anchors, claws, axes, &c., were laid in order; tow-ropes, warps, and tracking-belts, were brought out; and great caution was observed in the advance. The number of the icebergs continually increased; and rugged hammocks rose above the surface, opposing their progress.

Slowly, amid many difficulties, and considerable variations in wind and tide, the *Albert* advanced further on her course, the secret hope that cheered them on making every day's labour more light. The storms of a sea possessed of warmth and vitality, terrific as they may be, are less to be feared than those unseen and unexpected snares which attend the mariner bound on a voyage through these treacherous waves. At every

step the ship seemed to encounter an opposing obstacle grating against the keel, and it was only by observing extreme caution and calling to their aid that scientific skill for which our seamen, above others, are remarkable, that the greatest disasters were avoided. Slowly, then, we say, the little vessel glided through the labyrinth of waters, thickening and congealing each hour, and herself placed in close proximity to those giant bergs, one angry movement of which would have utterly overwhelmed her.

Occasional patches of clear water now seemed to extend in unbroken continuity, but on a nearer approach large drifts would be discovered, or some streams of ice found extending in the worst possible direction. Sometimes, in front, a crescent belt of bergs shaped itself threateningly in view, and round the ice sketched in broad glittering plains eight or nine feet in thickness, only split by rents, through which it seemed impossible to steer the smallest boats. The whole day was frequently expended in manœuvering a passage; sometimes the *Albert* was made to dart down upon a rock of ice and splinter it to atoms with the force of its sudden and impetuous advance; now the effect of heaving her through a narrow path was tried, now the windlass was set to work, then saws were employed, with unwearied patience the men toiled on until with some fortunate stroke of the pole the stubborn mass was sent shivered into the sea, then a loud and cheering huzza broke from the men, quickly responded to by all on board, and, wet through very often by sinking up to their necks in water, they merrily regained the deck, satisfied and proud of their hearty exertions.

Life, though necessarily somewhat monotonous, was anything but disagreeable. The sun uprose and set and brought a round of the same duties, but no discontent or unhappiness made itself visible. Under a kind and worthy commander the men performed their allotted tasks with cheerful alacrity. Oftentimes in the evening when the ship was borne softly over the waves the fiddle was brought upon deck, and there, in the midst of those grand and awful solitudes, the music which has so often cheered our own fireside stole forth and startled the echoes with jigs and dances to which it is more than probable the cliffs and bergs had never before listened. The merry song and hearty laugh went round—the memories of friends crowded upon them, and many a cheer to the absent broke a stillness which had otherwise been oftentimes worse than that of death. When the sun shone forth and imparted mildness to the air, the rigging was garnished with numerous strange decorations, in the shape of every kind of garment brought up from below to have the benefit of an airing. The beds, too, were placed upon deck to dissipate the

close effects of the cabin, and all these things carefully attended to, conspired to preserve the health of the men, which, with one exception, appears to have been good throughout the voyage.

From the Crow's Nest some were continually going and coming, anxiously reporting upon the condition of the ice ahead, and all objects there discernible. With much delight an English vessel had been sighted, and now she was distinctly revealed fastened to an ice-floe, where she had been bound for three months. It was the *Felix*, under Sir John Ross. Bound on the same errand, a deep sympathy necessarily existed between the vessels, but it deepened now that, after so long an absence from new faces, the sound of their own tongue floated in a cheerful hail from deck to deck.

With delight the officers exchanged greetings, and were speedily on board each other's vessels, reciprocating intelligence and venturing hopes as to the ultimate termination of their search. Sir John Ross, ennobled by his many dangerous experiences, and his long sojourn among seas the most treacherous of any perhaps on the surface of the globe, stood, the hero of a hundred strange escapes, and engaged the attention of all on board the *Albert*—he who had passed four years and more in miserable bondage in a desolation similar to that now extending around them—who had gazed on the same monotonous scenery until the soul sickened of existence—who daily rose to the same round of duties—tracked animals and did not see them—carried guns and did not fire—watched for the invisible sun and counted the hours, until the uncurtained night came down and permitted them to shut out all thought of life by going to bed. All sufferings, all trials, all dangers, all fears, faded into nothing by comparison with his; and a deeper sense of the importance of their mission stole into the heart of every one. The old veteran, whose frame had been battered by many a storm—whose eye had rested upon scenes of which few may see the like again, venturing once more through the perilous path of the frozen sea in search of a brother officer, was a sight to inspire courage and faith.

It is, of course, impossible to linger long upon each separate incident of a voyage in every respect interesting. Each day seemed to present them with a fresh difficulty; now for a little while, smiling weather and a fair breeze sent them on their way rejoicing, then a dead stagnation and sickening calm riveted them to one spot, where, enveloped in dense fogs, the little vessel seemed perfectly surrounded in these silent seas, incapable of moving either forward or backward. Day after day the sun rose and set, and found them still bound in their vast solitudes,

where the only sound heard was the grating of the floes against the ship's sides, as they slowly drifted by. At length a movement was discernible in the ice, the breeze sprang up, and yet a little further the *Albert* made her way.

Fresh interest was every day awakened by the increasing activity and laborious nature of their contests with the ice, which seemed to assume a more stubborn and forbidding character at every step. Now between broad frozen fields a pathway seemed to trend, and instantly the vessel would be turned towards it; but no sooner had she reached the mouth of the seeming river, than the treacherous waters closed again abruptly, not only preventing their advance, but placing them in positions of considerable danger, from which it required all their daring tact and energy to extricate them. Eager, however, in the cause in which they were engaged, no one on board felt inclined to suffer any but insurmountable obstacles to delay them. As often as boldness and energy would disentangle them from their difficulty, they put it in practice, and rarely waited the disappearance of the ice of its own accord. Men descended in boats, and with axe and chisel patiently attacked the opposing barrier. Many hours were frequently occupied in this manner, the perspiration streaming down their faces in spite of the coldness of the atmosphere, and their bodies often up to the waist in water. They generally succeeded in making way through the point they had cleared, though occasionally compelled to desist and seek another channel, by retracing their steps, or tacking to and fro until they discovered some opening.

At length, much to the joy of all on board, they came up with Captain Austin's vessels, which were just preparing to start forward, after having been bound for a short time to an ice-floe. The steamer immediately offered to take the *Felix* and *Albert* in tow, which offer was gladly accepted, since it promised them three hundred miles advance on their journey with comparatively little difficulty. The ropes were accordingly fixed, and those o'ertopping bergs and frowning mountains looked down upon as strange a scene as perhaps ever was enacted. There, in desolation grand and awful, in seas where billows are almost unploughed, the English vessels proceeded in a long line perfectly majestic in their quiet progress. At the rate of four miles an hour they were proceeding, when they came upon an opposing barrier, in the shape of a 'nip,' as it is technically termed. To clear this by boldly dashing through it with the steamer was at first tried, but finding this endeavour unsuccessful, a still grander mode of destroying the obstacle was resolved upon. A considerable quantity of powder was sunk and ignited. No sound or movement at first took place, but presently, the enormous

masses of ice were seen agitated by a convulsive quiver along the whole extent, and then, suddenly rending in twain, piece after piece, rose into the air, and fell with a mighty splash into the sea. Considerable time and labour were expended in forcing the passage, but the task was at length accomplished, and, late in the afternoon, one by one, the vessels threaded through the channel, and cast anchor in a smooth piece of water on the other side. After this busy and exciting scene, the evening sank with peculiar stillness, and the silence—at all times deep in those seas—seemed doubly so. Then, as night came on, no actual darkness accompanied it; the shadows of the long line of ships slanted athwart the placid, glistening waters, and the smooth surface of the passing floes of ice. A chain of mountains stretched to the right; in front, and on all sides, the tall form of icebergs rose, towering from the sparkling surface, and on the hummocks thickly dispersed around rested numerous seals, the only living things then to be seen. The sun, gilding midnight with his soft and mellowed beams, was soaring through the polar sky at the back of Melville Cape, already on his way to commence another day's journey. The only sound heard was the regular working of the steamer. No stars or moon shining in the heavens, the sky above expanded like a leaden arch, save where the faint rays of the sun struggled through the curtain of haze already beginning to rest upon hill and berg.

The opening into Melville's Bay was soon reached, and it was reported that some men were observed moving about the ice ahead. Immediate communication with the Esquimaux, for such they were, was resolved upon, and, accordingly, starting in a boat with the captain, Mr. Snow made for land. Several of them afterwards came to the ship for the purpose of receiving the letters with which they were to be entrusted. Few could, perhaps, conceive the dreariness of that region where these tribes of men make to themselves habitations, derive a varying and uncertain existence from the chase of animals, and brave the greatest hardship. Ridges of enormous glaciers rise in the back ground of their scenery, from between fissures in which stream absolute torrents of snow. Perpetual winter unrelieved by the shortest summer, seems to have settled there; no vegetation is beheld, yet here, upon one of the farthest points of northern land on which the foot of civilized man has rested, dwell a portion of the Esquimaux race. They take, in their daily round of life, the sun for their guide, and rise oftentimes with him, and when fatigued seek their bed. If hunger is felt, they taste of food; and if thirst, then, with difficulty and tedious labour, they melt down the ice or snow and drink of it. A cursory

glance at such a life may to civilized man realize nothing of the ideas of happiness which in his artificial state he has learnt to form, nor does it suggest any of the concomitants of comfort which are become necessary to him, and the condition of the being destitute of these is not by any means to be envied. But the Esquimaux, unconscious of any other state of existence, is cheerful and contented in his ice-bound solitude, and finds a rude protection from every description of weather.

At this interview they were found to be conversible in the extreme, and willing to afford every information in their power. Little satisfactory intelligence was, however, obtained. Sir John Ross had on board of the *Felix* an Esquimaux by the name of Adams, who belonged to a tribe professing some different traits of habits and language. This man held a long conversation with the natives, the nature of which seemed to perplex and overpower him with gloom; but the origin did not appear until some days afterwards; when, perplexed and harassed by the jokes of the men about his melancholy, he, as it will be seen, related as much as he could of what he had heard. It was intended to leave despatches with the natives, who faithfully performed the office entrusted to them, and during the time of their preparations the ice-plains were converted into the theatre for the enactment of an amusing and novel scene. The sledge in which the Esquimaux postmen had neared the ship was flying about in all directions. Lieut. O'Donnell had harnessed himself, Lieut. M'Clintock thrown himself across it, and away they went over the smooth surface of congealed water, all by turns sharing in an amusement perfectly new and delightful to those accustomed to seek entertainment here at home by a much easier method. The crews of the ships were no less active. Rigging, mast, and deck were deserted, and leap-frog and running-races took the place of the customary occupations. The solitude and majestic silence of the Arctic regions was broken by peals of laughter—honest English laughter—while the natives stood grinning around amazed and delighted at the strange antics they beheld. Various presents were distributed among them, including some dolls dressed in the most gaudy manner. One habited like a showy girl awoke the deepest surprise and admiration in the heart of the untutored inhabitant of these wild districts; he gazed at it again and again, gave it a most lengthened examination, then wrapped it in a piece of paper given him, and put it carefully away in his seal-skin dress, with the object, doubtless, of carrying it home to excite great wonder among his wife and children. It was amusing to see the bewildered stare of astonishment with which one of the young Esquimaux danced about the ship and examined the machinery

of the steamer, the construction of which excited his wonder and unspeakable surprise. The lever was for an instant placed in his hand, by which the whole engine was set in sudden motion. No sooner did it begin to move than he dropped the handle and turned on his heels with a sort of half comic grin, which in their countenances expresses both fear and laughter. Every possible information having been obtained, the natives were sent on shore, and the steamer and vessel once more pursued their way.

For many days after their interview with the Esquimaux, it was observed that Adams, who could only utter a few words of English, was restless and uncomfortable, avoiding every opportunity of conversing with strangers. The steward of the *Albert*, from his long stay in the Hudson's Bay Company's service, was better able to understand him than any one else, and accordingly, by dint of his examination and that of Mr. Snow, it was discovered that he had heard a tale from the Esquimaux, which, if true, would have for ever set at rest all surmise as to the fate of Sir John Franklin and his crew.

‘By his account he had been told by the natives, when on shore, conversing with them in the morning, that in 1846 (I could not make out whether the early or the latter part of the year), two vessels, with officers having gold bands on their caps and other insignia of the naval uniform, had been, in some way or another, destroyed at some place to the northward of us; that the crews were ultimately much enfeebled, and, after great hardship and suffering, encamping by themselves in tents, and not communicating much with the natives, were all brutally massacred. This was the substance and the pith of the long and tedious statement that was elicited from him.’—P. 207.

The whole fleet now moving about these seas was in commotion, and the most searching investigation set on foot. A dim, but horrible fear possessed the minds of all, and thoughts they dared not utter crowded swiftly upon their minds. Communication with every ship took place, the officers met, consultations took place, another interview with the natives was decided upon. This was accordingly done, and it was discovered, by questioning and cross-questioning, that the whole foundation for the story lay in their having told the man that the *North Star* had wintered at Wolstenholme Sound the past winter, and that one one had been killed by a fall from the cliffs. Some time had been lost by investigating the details of their story, and the vessels now prepared to regain it by redoubled exertions. The ships parted company, and the *Albert* went on her way alone. The weather became so hazy that it was necessary to have the gong kept beating continually to give notice to any other vessels or persons that might happen to be in the way; little by little the fog gradually cleared, and the vicinity of land was announced

by shoals of eider ducks and other birds. While those engaged in the boats were still longing for the disappearance of the mist, the curtain of vapour was suddenly lifted up, as if by magic, and the sun streamed down upon the range of the Byam Martin mountains, which almost pierced the clouds with their snowy peaks. Every one was now upon the look-out for an object of extreme interest—the spot where the provisions and coals sent out by Lady Franklin, in 1849, were deposited. As usual on such occasions, many mistaken surmises were made. Captain Forsyth imagined he had found the place, and it was impossible then to pause and examine it. Subsequently, however, Mr. Snow landed on one of the Wollaston islands where some cairns were erected. Here they deemed it probable the provisions were deposited, and searched carefully around, but discovered nothing save a lonely grave underneath a ledge of rock jutting out like an oblong peninsula into the sea, underneath which the waves continually sounded a hoarse music; some moss and mould clung over the oblong-shaped resting-place, a few bones were scattered near, but no word or sign to tell who rested there. Regaining the ship, away they steered, a dense fog obscuring the land and rendering their progress slow and uncertain. Their hearts beat anxiously; they were in reality, as it seemed, approaching the commencement of their labours in a spot unknown to all. How little they at that moment foresaw that, in less than a fortnight, they would be retracing their steps and making for home without accomplishing one half their proposed work. Nothing of this feeling, however, dimmed the joy they experienced, when, after many days and nights of anxious look-out, they found themselves in Barrow's Straits, within sight of Leopold island, for whose harbour they now rapidly steered. The gutta-percha boat was lowered and made for the shore; a strange sail coming rapidly towards them, giving a double spur to their endeavours to be first on land. With some hard work they forced her along through the ice and got her up to the extreme end of Whale Point. Every eye was fixed upon the little home standing there, in the awful grandeur of these scenes, an untenanted dwelling, waiting for him who may never pass that way, to welcome him with everything which imagination could suggest. The idea of erecting their store-house on that extreme point of the Arctic region was a grand and beautiful one. It was deemed not improbable that the vessels of Sir John Franklin might, after emerging from their imprisonment, wherever it was, come upon this point, worn and harassed with privations which no one sitting here at home could foresee, and scarcely daring to hope that the scanty remains of their provisions could endure more than a day.

Should this unhappily prove to be the case, how difficult it is to realize the joy that must be awakened by this unexpected oasis, teeming with everything that could rejoice his heart after his long and dreary absence from his native home. We scarcely dare to penetrate, in imagination even, into the sacred gladness of his heart when he knows whose hand has guided and caused their deposit there. There stood the home, well built of canvass, and amply stored with everything that could conduce to comfort. Ropes, iron gear, blankets, stoves, &c., &c., were scattered about in a confused medley; outside, and nearer the beach, were piles of soup and bouilli canisters, and tins of preserved meat, with labels diversified and numerous, preserved mutton, ox-cheek soup, concentrated gravy, green peas, roast beef, mixed vegetables, carrots, besides casks of beef, pork, chocolate, flour, navy bread, sugar, pickles, lime-juice, and various other articles suitable for a lengthened residence in that region. There were bags of coal and coke, and then the steam launch, with every help for launching. The men gazed with swelling hearts on all these provisions, and not a little melancholy feeling stole over them, as, when the time came for departure the thought rushed into their minds, perhaps they will never, never be required.

A little more travelling and they reached Prince Regent's Inlet, and here, where they were in hopes of being so actively engaged, nothing but disappointment met them. No sign or hope of egress; all before them was a dense mass of ice, around on every side the same blockade, and a dreary expanse of heavy hummocky sea extended. Not a channel for the vessel was seen: in vain was the opinion of mate and second-mate requested. All agreed that there was no chance of making way, and a silent gloom settled upon the hearts of every one on board. All was now to be abandoned—there, on the threshold of their labours, they were to turn the prow of their ship homeward, quit the scenes in which they had come to labour with so proud and hopeful a spirit. Some clung to the secret anticipation of wintering there, and being able to proceed in the spring. But no sooner was the return home determined upon, than everything conspired to make it seem necessary. Some anticipations were entertained that unless they did so, the ice would gradually enclose them altogether, and leave them no room to move. So, with heavy hearts, did our mariners, after receiving the order to return, in perfect silence, prepare to fulfil their duties.

As their determination was not known when they had passed Cape Leopold, some fresh notice was needed, and this Mr. Snow again requested he might be allowed to deposit in the gutta-

percha boat, which was accorded to him, and about half-past nine he quitted the ship, with a few provisions in readiness. He kept a sharp look-out along the land as they neared it in the uncertain light. But, gradually, as they left their ship behind, midnight thickened around them, and they found themselves in their little boat alone upon the wild waste of waters; the wind rushing down the declivities on land, and the even-timed splash of the oar, were the only sounds to be heard. A mournful silence pervaded the crew, the hopes that cheered them through so many perils were gone, and they gradually advanced forcing their way through the floating ice and small bergs. In the far East a sudden brightness made day visible, and they knew that the sun was coming up above the sea. This inspired fresh courage, and by three o'clock the little party found themselves off a deep valley or ravine, close to Cape Seppings, and the ice began to appear in greater masses. Creeping close in shore, they avoided the drifts as much as possible, but soon discovered themselves fronting a dense pack of heavy ice, which intercepted their progress. No egress was possible, save by the way they had entered, and, in doubt and uncertainty, they paused and consulted how to meet the opposing difficulty. A dense fog was rising from the sea, and rapidly covering the rocky hills; the ice was in quick motion, and carried to seaward by a strong current, and, by the circular movement it was making, it was certain soon to enclose them altogether. The *Albert* was completely lost to view, and a few moments only were allowed for deliberation, when it was resolved to take to the ice and haul up the boat. This was a task of no small difficulty; indeed, one perfectly inconceivable to those not on the spot. No one thought of self, but sprang from pieces of ice and settled the hook, working every now and then half way under water. Every foot of ground gained was a triumph, with intense labour. At length, with a wild hurrah! and joyous shout, the boat was launched once more into her proper element. Then no further difficulty was experienced in landing. The house was found in precisely the same condition as when they had left it; the document Mr. Snow had brought was placed in the cylinder, and then the little party lighted their fire, and prepared for as romantic a morning's meal as was ever tasted beneath the rising sun. Water was obtained from a little pool of melted snow near the beach. A plank was cleared of some ropes at one end, and two or three large stones, with a small keg, brought out for seats. The plank served for a table, and upon it were spread salt pork and biscuit, the teapot, and an oblong mug, which served alike for all. There the four sat, like brigands round a fire, laughing merrily, discussing now one subject, now another,

and all joining in a hope that the vessel would proceed on her homeward journey and leave them there. After their meal was over, tired of the night's exertions, one by one, the men dropped off asleep, and then awoke again to hope that in that spot they might winter and proceed on a dangerous and early voyage in the spring. Wandering about the place, taking a last look at objects and scenes he never might again witness, Mr. Snow lighted upon a scrap of our friend 'Punch,' who had found his way into these Arctic regions and been dropped there. About two in the afternoon they quitted their position, bade a long adieu to Sir John Ross's home, breathed a deep and earnest prayer that its stores might not be left to decay unused, and plunged once again into the ice-bound waters.

Little of moment occurred on the journey homeward. A few gales were experienced, some dangerous, others not; but the bark reached England, ultimately, in safety, after an absence of four months, on, as it proved, a fruitless undertaking.

ART. VI.—*A Practical Treatise on Musical Composition.* By G. W. Rohner. 2 vols. London: Longman and Co.

MUSIC is an art, not a science. It is, however, otherwise treated, not only in common discourse, but in didactic works which profess to inquire into its principles and lay down its rules. We not only hear, every day, people talking about 'musical science,' 'scientific composers,' and even 'scientific performers' on the pianoforte, or the violin, but we meet with 'Systems of Harmony,' and 'Treatises on Composition,' in which it is attempted to deduce the principles of music, and the practice of composition, from the physical phenomena of sound. This misconception of the nature of music, by involving it in an obscurity which does not belong to it, has thrown serious difficulties in the way of its acquirement. The student has been either repelled by the arid prospect of pages bristling with arithmetical calculations and mathematical diagrams, or has been rewarded for his perseverance by the attainment of a quantity of lore, which he finds wholly unavailing for any practical purpose.

Such has been the prevalent manner of teaching the principles of music almost down to the present time; and, though sounder views are now adopted, yet the older impressions are by no means obliterated. Within the time of our own student-days,

music was universally taught according to the famous system of Rameau, which then formed the foundation of every treatise, not only on what was called the theory of the science, but on the practice of composition.

Rameau was a celebrated composer of operas in the middle of the last century ; but his fame, as the founder of a system, grew and spread long after his operas were forgotten. He came to be regarded throughout Europe as a kind of Newton ; a philosopher who had resolved the principles of music into a law of nature, grand, simple, and comprehensive as the law of gravitation. He himself, as it happened, did not possess the gift of lucid explanation, and his book was so obscure that his system would never have been heard of but for the aid of D'Alembert, who digested and illustrated it in a work so concise, methodical, and luminous, that it was every where received as a model of scientific investigation, and used as the text-book of teachers and the *vade-mecum* of students.

Rameau based his superstructure on the foundation of a physical fact which he had discovered, or, at least, was the first to point out. If a deep sound is produced by striking a bass string of the pianoforte, the harp, or the violoncello, and attentively listened to it as it dies away, two high notes will be heard along with it ; the octave of the fifth, and the double octave of the major third. Hence he concluded that the 'perfect chord,' or the principal chord in harmony, composed of the fundamental sound with its major third and its fifth, is given by nature itself. He next observed that, if two other sounds are taken, the one a fifth above, and the other a fifth below, the first fundamental sound (for example, C, with G its fifth above, and F its fifth below), these three sounds, each being accompanied, by nature, with its perfect chord, will give all the notes of the natural scale. And he showed that each note of the scale, being a third or a fifth above one or other of those three sounds, would have one of them for its fundamental bass. Thus is *concord* derived from nature ; as to *discord* (of which harmony largely consists) he made it a factitious invention, the harshness of discordant sounds being used to give poignancy to harmony which would otherwise be too sweet and luscious. From this principle he deduced the maxim, that, as the discordant note produces pain to the ear, it is necessary that it be previously heard as a concord, and still more necessary that it should be followed by, or melt into a concord ; or, in technical phrase, that a discord must be generally *prepared*, and always *resolved*.

The utter insufficiency of these 'scientific' principles to explain the practice even of the most ordinary harmony used in his own day was apparent from the beginning, and pointed out by

numerous contemporary critics. Admitting, it was said, that nature furnished the harmony of the major mode, what became of the *minor* mode, as beautiful, as expressive, and as commonly used, as the major—a mode, too, which prevails in the sweetest and most pathetic strains dictated by nature to the songsters and minstrels of rude and uncultivated tribes. A sounding body generates its *major third*; but whence comes the *minor third*? To this question there is no answer, and it strikes at the very root of the system. Then Rameau laid it down, as a consequence of his theory, that the ‘fundamental bass’ must always proceed by fifths either upwards or downwards: for example, that a chord whose fundamental note is C must be followed, either by G the fifth above, or F the fifth below. One or two other progressions he was constrained to admit because he found them in practice, but he got rid of the difficulty by describing them as *licenses*; although, even in his own day, they occurred in every line of music, and were essential to the production of good harmony. Others, which he absolutely excluded, are now in constant use; and so completely is his rule exploded, that the fundamental bass may now move upwards or downwards, through every degree of the scale. It is the same thing with discords; the rules for their *preparation* and *resolution* are so much relaxed that they can scarcely be said to exist.

Rameau and his followers claim credit for the principle of the ‘fundamental bass’ as a great scientific discovery. One of them, M. de la Borde, in his voluminous history of music, published in 1780, says:—‘Music, since the revival of the arts, was abandoned to the ear, caprice, and conjecture of composers, and was equally in want of unerring rules in theory and in practice. Rameau appeared, and Chaos was no more! He was at once Descartes and Newton, having been of as much use to music as both those great men were to philosophy.’ On this high flown passage Dr. Burney makes the following just comment:—

‘But were Corelli, Geminiani, Handel, Bach, the Scarlattis, Leo, Caldara, Durante, Jomelli, Perez, &c., such incorrect harmonists as to merit annihilation because they never heard of Rameau or his system? Indeed, it may be further asked, what good music has been composed even in France, in consequence of Rameau giving a new name to the bass of a common chord or chord of the seventh? The Italians still call the lowest sound of music in parts, the *bass*, whether fundamental or derivative; but do the French imagine that the great composers above-mentioned, and the little composers who need not be mentioned, were ignorant whence every supposed bass was derived? The great harmonists of the sixteenth century seldom used any other than fundamental basses. And the fundamental bass to the hexachords has always been the key-note and the fifth above and the fifth below, just as Rameau has given it in his theoretic tracts.’

Instead of good music having been composed, in France or anywhere else, in consequence of Rameau's system, the very opposite effect has been produced by it. Its narrow code of laws—its restrictions and prohibitions—its ungracious permission, on the footing of licenses, of the most beautiful and essential progressions of harmony—were so many stumbling-blocks to the student's progress, so many fetters on the composer's imagination; and there are musicians, even to this day, who have never been able to shake off the trammels of Rameau's system.

Besides Rameau's system, there have been various others, chiefly modifications of his, in which it is attempted to deduce, from some general law, a body of fixed and immutable rules of harmony. They are all liable to the same objection: the rules are so narrow and so inapplicable to the actual practice of the art, that they are nullified by a host of exceptions and licenses.

The investigation of the phenomena of sound, like that of the phenomena of light, forms a curious and interesting branch of physical science. But the musician has no more concern with acoustics than the painter has with optics. No artist ever derived the slightest benefit from either; and the greatest artists have never found it worth while to waste their time and labour upon studies to them utterly unprofitable. 'Most teachers of musical composition,' says Gottfried Weber (the author of one of the last and best works on the subject), 'imagine that the theory of musical composition must necessarily be founded on harmonic acoustics, and on this account commence their books of instruction with arithmetical and algebraical problems and formulas. But this seems to me nothing else than an unseasonable display of pedantry; for one may be the most profound musical composer, the greatest contrapuntist—a Mozart or a Haydn, a Bach or a Palestrina—without knowing anything of the matter.' The rules of music, in fact, have never, in any case, been the result of scientific investigation; they have uniformly been deduced from the *practice* of musicians. All that science has done—or rather attempted to do—has been to apply mathematical or physical principles to the explanation of rules already existing and acted upon; and in this attempt, as we have seen, science has signally failed.

Music, in some form or another, is doubtless coeval with the world. Wherever we find human beings, we find musical sounds; and we find all over the world such a general similarity in the arrangement of the sounds which please the ear and move the feelings—or, in other words, such a general analogy in the musical scale—that we are warranted in concluding the musical scale, in its simplest form, to be dictated by nature, however much it may have been refined and extended by art. We

believe that there always have been, in ancient as well as modern times, two kinds of music: the one consisting of the simple effusions of untutored feeling—melodies such as are described by Duke Orsino in 'Twelfth Night'—

‘Mark it, Cesario—it is old and plain;
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt it:’

the other, the lofty and complex superstructure raised upon this simple foundation, by the successive labours of a long line of artists. Both kinds were certainly possessed by the most civilized nations of antiquity. The *artistic* music of the Greeks was of the most refined and artificial description, but this is all that we know of it. Every trace of it has vanished, and all the researches of historians only show an ignorance so complete, that no one has even been able to ascertain whether the Greeks were acquainted with *harmony*, or the combination of simultaneous sounds. The modern art of music has been reared, from its very foundation, since the middle ages, and cannot be regarded as, at the utmost, more than four or five centuries old. The discovery of harmony seems to have followed the invention of the organ, for it was impossible to possess an instrument with keys without stumbling upon the agreeable effects produced by sounding two or three notes at the same time. But the first attempts at harmony were as rude as the original form of the instrument that suggested them, and sounds were combined in a manner intolerable to modern ears. From that beginning, down to the present day, the art of harmony has been extended and developed by the trials and experiments of an unbroken line of musicians. The art, consequently, has been in a state of ceaseless change; new combinations, dictated by pure taste and the sense of the beautiful, have been generally and permanently adopted; others, resulting from caprice and the desire of innovation, have had their temporary vogue, and been displaced by others equally arbitrary. To this course of change there is no prospect of termination. It seems, on the contrary, to move with accelerated speed; and the century to come will probably make greater changes in the aspect of music than any century which is past.

It follows from all this, that a systematic treatise on musical composition ought to be a body of rules adapted to the state of the art as it exists. Each rule ought to be a generalized expression of the concurrent practice of the great masters, whose works are regarded as pure and classical models. In this process of generalizing, two dangers must be avoided. In attempting to

make the rules broad and comprehensive, they may be clogged with such a multitude of exceptions as to be no rules at all. In endeavouring to prevent their being liable to exceptions, they may be made so narrow in their application, and consequently so multitudinous, as to be in a great measure useless. In these respects, as in many others, the rules of music are analogous to the rules of grammar.

Such is our notion of what a didactic musical work ought to be, though we cannot say that we have found it realized in any work that has come under our observation. The lumber of scientific pedantry, indeed, has been generally thrown aside, and the rules of music are deduced from the practice of musicians; but every treatise with which we are acquainted is liable, more or less, to the objections already mentioned. In the first place, the authors of new works borrow much of their materials from the labours of their predecessors, and consequently retain rules and restrictions no longer applicable to the actual practice of the art. We find the antiquated doctrines of Fux and Marpurg gravely laid down in treatises of the nineteenth century; and, moreover, they err, either in excessive generalization or the reverse. The works of Albrechtsberger, of Reicha, of Cherubini, valuable as they are upon the whole, are seriously injured in different ways by these faults. The 'Treatise on Musical Composition,' by Gottfried Weber (already mentioned), recognised in Germany as the standard book on the subject, is, taken altogether, the most satisfactory.* The author is an acute and original thinker, 'nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.' He applies the test of reason to the rules of the art, and exposes, with unsparing ridicule, the fallacies which have so long passed current; but his anxiety to avoid the error of excessive generalization has led to a multiplicity of rules and a minuteness of particulars, which render his treatise a more laborious study than it might have been. But there is no royal road to music; and those who apply themselves seriously to the pages of Gottfried Weber will assuredly profit by their labour.

The work before us, without any novelty of plan, is a useful compilation. Mr. Rohner has aimed at conciseness; and, though his work is by no means a small one (consisting of two goodly quarto volumes, with the promise of a third), yet we have nowhere found the same quantity of matter in a smaller space. The first volume treats of the scales and their component intervals; of the different consonant and dissonant chords; of rhythm; and of the rules of harmony in two or more parts. The second

* There is an excellent English translation of this work, by Mr. Warner, published at Boston in the United States, and reprinted at London.

volume is occupied with the various species of counterpoint ; and a third is announced, which is to explain the rules of Fugue and Canon. Much good may be obtained from this work, especially when used as a manual to assist the teacher ; for, while its examples are copious and excellent, its rules and explanations often lack completeness and precision, and their looseness of expression may perplex the solitary student. The complicated diagrams on pages 6 and 7, and on pages 12 and 13 of the first volume, are more calculated to puzzle than to enlighten ; and what is said, on page 9, about the ' enharmonic series,' will only mislead the learner, by inducing him to suppose that there is an actual scale of sounds proceeding by enharmonic degrees, in the same manner as there is a scale proceeding by chromatic degrees. But there is no analogy between the two things. While there is a real chromatic scale in constant use, there is no such thing as an enharmonic scale in existence. ' Music,' says Mr. Rohner, ' is not written in keys which require more than seven sharps or seven flats.' This, again, is calculated to mislead ; for, though we do not find more than seven sharps or seven flats placed as the *signature* of a piece of music, yet it is quite common, in pieces of considerable length, to find passages written in keys of eight, nine, or even more sharps or flats.

Our greatest objection to this treatise is one already alluded to ; the retention of antiquated matter, not applicable to the present state of the art. In treating of counterpoint, the author, following some of the old German treatises, has preserved the obsolete and absurd distinction of the *strict* and the *free* styles. Under the head of each species of counterpoint, he has given, first a set of rules belonging to the *strict* style, and then another set of rules belonging to the *free* style ; the latter rules being contradictory of the former. He first lays down a number of restrictions and prohibitions as belonging to the one style, and then informs the student that they are disregarded in the other. Mr. Rohner, and the modern authors whom he has followed, seem to have considered the strict style and the free style as two different musical dialects, both of which are in present use ; while the truth is, that what is now called the strict style was, while in actual use, the *only* style ; and that the free style, having been gradually formed, in the progress of the art, by the removal of narrow rules and restrictions, is in reality the *only* style *now* employed by musicians. Teaching our students to write music both in the free and the strict style is, in effect, teaching them to write, not only in the style of the nineteenth, but of the sixteenth century. What would be thought of a school, in these days of Queen Victoria, in which boys and girls were taught the English language, not only as it is written and

spoken now, but as it was written and spoken in the days of Queen Bess. As a good deal of misconception still exists on this subject, we shall strengthen our own view of it by the authority of Gottfried Weber.

'Since,' he says, 'the expressions *allowed* or *forbidden* in this or that style meet us at every glance into the theoretical books hitherto published, I will here take occasion to explain myself once for all on this subject. In the first place, then, as respects the distinction between the *strict* and *free* style, I will here confess that I think but little of this whole distinction, and least of all of those technical theories which say, "this thing or that is forbidden in the strict style but allowed in the free." Whatever sounds positively ill, theory should forbid everywhere; but that which sounds well cannot rationally be forbidden anywhere. Accordingly, if a prohibition is really well founded, that style only is good which avoids what is forbidden; and every other which, less scrupulous, violates that principle—steps over that forbidden ground—is necessarily a faulty style. The so-called *free style* is in that case a style contrary to good rule, and, of course, a bad style, or, at least, a worse style than the other. In regard to the secular or profane, and the church or sacred style, I have much too high an opinion of the latter to regard it as essentially dependent upon such prohibitions. Woe to the dignity of the church style, if its distinction from the profane is to be sought in its being prohibited the use of this or that technical material!'

Had Mr. Rohner viewed the matter in this light—and we are convinced it is the true one—at least one-third part of his second volume would never have been written.

With these qualifications, however, we repeat that Mr. Rohner's work is calculated to be useful, especially in the hands of an experienced teacher. The art of musical composition, indeed, cannot be acquired by any course of self-instruction or solitary study. The student will find, at every step, obstacles which can be removed only as they present themselves, by the ever ready hand of a master.

ART. VII.—*Foreign Reminiscences of Henry Richard Lord Holland.*

Edited by his Son, Henry Richard Lord Holland. Pp. 362.

London: Longman and Co.

NOTHING is more natural than that the literary members of political parties should be overrated by their associates. It has been so at all times, and by men of every grade and variety of opinion. It is not needful to look far for its explanation. The solution of the problem is easy, and lies on the surface. It is re-

solvable, in fact, into the common element of our nature which leads us to take pride in what exalts ourselves, or is accepted by others as *our* distinction. It is common with the writers of a certain school to represent this over-estimate of the literary talents of their members as the special weakness of the Whig party. We believe nothing of the kind. That it has been evinced by the Whigs we freely admit; but it has only been in common with others, and in conformity with a law to which all political parties have yielded obedience. If their history has exhibited more numerous instances of it than that of their opponents, the simple, and certainly not discreditable, reason has been, that the Whig leaders have been more distinguished by attachment to literature, and eminence in its walks, than the Tories. That such has been the case cannot well be doubted; and the *Eclectic*, though far in advance of mere Whiggery, will not scruple to do them honor on this account.

The late Lord Holland was a distinguished member of the Whig party, to which he attached himself in early life with a sincerity and earnestness to be expected from the nephew of Charles James Fox. He succeeded to the peerage when an infant, and had not, in consequence, the advantage of early training in the Commons. His talents, however, were worthy of his house; and the consistency with which he maintained, throughout an extended life, the principles of his party, insured their confidence, and won for him universal respect. We knew him as the advocate of religious liberty, and feel no hesitation in saying that, with his views as a Churchman, his public course on this great subject indicated a large, generous, and catholic mind, capable of appreciating an unpopular principle, and of laboring honestly in its service. We hold his memory in great honor, as an intelligent, sincere, clear-sighted, tolerant, and earnest man, in days of political profligacy and of rampant-churchmanship. The munificent hospitality of Holland House was celebrated throughout Europe. Wherever literature was cultivated, wherever the votaries of a sound philosophy dwelt, or the amenities of life were known, the name of the English peer was held in repute. One who knew his lordship well, a member of the same political party, himself a distinguished ornament of the republic of letters, has painted, in his own fascinating and graphic style, the scene frequently exhibited at Holland House. 'They will remember,' says Mr. Macaulay, anticipating the emotions of the last survivors of those who partook of his lordship's hospitality, 'how the last debate was discussed in one corner, and the last comedy of Scribe in another; while Wilkie gazed with modest admiration on Reynolds's Barette; while Mackintosh turned over Thomas Aquinas, to verify a

quotation ; while Talleyrand related his conversations with Barras at the Luxembourg, or his ride with Lannes over the field of Austerlitz. They will remember, above all, the grace—and the kindness, far more admirable than grace—with which the princely hospitality of that ancient mansion was dispensed. Such were the habits and position of the man whose 'Foreign Reminiscences' are now before us. The volume is likely to meet with the fate which might have been anticipated. On the one hand, it is unduly praised ; and, on the other, most ungenerously depreciated. The truth lies between the two. Neither Whig nor Tory report is to be received. Lord Holland was superior to his uncle in private worth, but certainly not his equal in talent. We would much rather trust to his guidance ; but it is sheer folly to attribute to his sketches of public men, the profound sagacity and marvellous eloquence which distinguished the great opponent of Pitt. His volume is one of the most readable books we have met with for a long time past. Its style is unaffected and clear ; its views of men and events are fresh and honest, not hastily gathered, but formed from personal knowledge or from the report of eye-witnesses whom his lordship deemed worthy of confidence. The personages introduced are the leading political characters of the first French Revolution, and of the earlier part of the present century ; and the light thrown on their character and policy, though not distinguished by any special brilliancy, discloses some traits not fully apprehended, and thus aids toward the solution of problems which have long perplexed inquiring men.

In some cases Lord Holland's judgment is opposed to the conclusions of powerful parties amongst us. The worshippers of Burke, those at least whose adoration extends beyond his deep searching philosophy, will be scandalized at the opinions expressed respecting Marie Antoinette. A furious outcry has already been raised on this point ; and the case is only an illustration of what occurs in other passages of the book, and in reference to other personages than the French queen. We only refer, at present, to his lordship's statement of the grounds on which his judgments were formed. He was no democrat, though the opinions of his party on the great drama then being acted in France should in all fairness be taken into account. 'I can only vouch,' he says, 'for the anecdotes I record, by assuring my readers that I believe them : I repeat them as they were received and understood by me from what appeared sufficient authority ; and I delineate the characters either as the result of my own impressions, or of the opinions conveyed to me by those who were most capable of drawing them correctly.'

Lord Holland's first visit to Paris was in 1791, when not

quite eighteen years old. His judgment was, of course, immature, and slight value would attach to the opinions he then formed, did we not know that those opinions were reviewed at a more advanced age, and various notes appended to the record of them, in confirmation of their general correctness. Mirabeau, Carlyle's 'herculean man,' had just departed from the stirring scene, which he had done more than any other mortal to invoke. His purpose to stay the progress of revolution, had long been suspected, and a counter-plot was formed, between which and his policy a deadly struggle would have ensued. But he died in the prime of manhood, and with him the hope of royalty expired. Lord Holland's sketch of this great and bad man is far from favorable. He tells us—

'The solicitude of the people during his illness was unabated, and stories almost incredible of the attention of the populace, in preventing the slightest disturbance in the street where he was lying ill, were related in all societies with that delight and admiration which dramatic displays of sentiment never fail to excite in Paris. The shops and quays were crowded with his portraits and busts. A stranger could discern in his physiognomy nothing but visible marks of debauch, vanity, presumption, and artifice, which were strong ingredients in his composition; but the Parisians, yet, stunned by his eloquence, and dazzled by his splendid talents, seemed to dwell on the representation of his large features, pock-fretted face, and frizzed hair, with fond complacency mingled with regret. He was certainly an extraordinary man. That his powers would have been equal, as has often been suggested, either to check or to guide the subsequent course of the French Revolution, may nevertheless be very questionable. He was thought to be, and probably was, very corrupt; but an exemption from that vice was the solitary virtue which gave individuals, and Robespierre in particular, any ascendancy in the latter and more stormy seasons of that frightful period. Mirabeau had the talent, or at least the trick and contrivance, of appropriating the ideas and labours of other men to his purposes in a very extraordinary degree. I have been assured by one who knew him intimately, and acted for a short time as his secretary, that not only the reports he made, but the speeches he delivered, were often written by others, and read by him in the morning, or even run through and adopted by him (as I have seen briefs by our lawyers) while he was actually speaking. The various imprisonments and embarrassments to which his disorderly life and licentious pen had exposed him are well known.'—Pp. 3, 4.

After the king's attempted flight many demanded his deposition and the establishment of a republic. This, however, was opposed by Lafayette, and other distinguished members of the popular party. Their course, though chivalrous, was mistaken. Few yet dreamt of a republic. It was the idea of a small class, not the passion of a generation. Lafayette ex-

pressed to Lord Holland, in 1826, his surprise at the most violent of the revolutionists concurring in the preservation of the monarchy. At a meeting held immediately after the arrest of Louis, all, with two exceptions, agreed that it must be maintained, at least for a season, so little faith had they in the prevalence of republican notions. We may now see the error of this conclusion. It is easy to pronounce judgment after the issue of events has been ascertained. Neither political sagacity, nor large experience of human life, is required for this. It is different, however, with the actors in a scene. Their decision, in many cases, must be prompt and final. They have to act at the moment, amid the strife of contending parties, and in the face of possible revelations, which might greatly modify their views.

'The notion,' says Lord Holland, 'that Louis XVI. could become a constitutional king, disposed to weaken rather than strengthen his own authority, after his intended flight, and with the queen for his consort and adviser, was chimerical and puerile in the extreme. He had justified his deposal by his flight. It was imprudent in Constitutionalists, it was madness in Republicans, not to insist on it. Above all, it was, as the event proved, very mistaken mercy. Lafayette and others, however, from very generous motives, were averse to seizing such a moment for the subversion of monarchy; and they were actively instrumental in discouraging all harshness, severity, or insolence to the king and his family.'

His lordship was much in the company of General Lafayette, and became strongly attached to him. He avows this partiality, and explains by it his faith in the attachment of the king to the new constitution. This partiality, however, does not blind him to the minor defects of the French patriot, as the following brief sketch will show. It does ample justice to a man who, with all his foibles, was intent on bringing the monarchy into harmonious working with popular freedom.

'He was loud in condemning the brutality of Petion, whose cold and offensive replies to the questions of the royal prisoners on their journey back from Varennes were very currently reported; and he was in his professions, and I believe in his heart, much more confident of the sincerity of the King than common prudence should have allowed him to be, or than was justified either by the character of Lewis himself, or by the truth as disclosed by subsequent events. Lafayette was, however, then, as always, a pure disinterested man, full of private affection and public virtue, and not devoid of such talents as firmness of purpose, sense of honour, and earnestness of zeal, will, on great occasions, supply. He was indeed accessible to flattery, somewhat too credulous, and apt to mistake the forms, or, if I may so phrase it, the pedantry of liberty for the substance, as if men could not enjoy any

freedom without subscribing to certain abstract principles and arbitrary tests, or as if the profession and subscription, nay, the technical observance of such tests and principles, were not, on the other hand, often compatible with practical oppression and tyranny. These strictures, however, on his blemishes are less applicable to the period to which I am now referring than to most others of his public life; for, with all his love of popularity, he was then knowingly sacrificing it for the purpose of rescuing a court from contumely and injury, and, though a republican in principle, was active in preserving the name and perhaps too much of the authority of a King in the new constitution.'—Pp. 11—13.

The believers in Burke's splendid panegyric on Marie Antoinette will be grossly offended at the opinions expressed by Lord Holland respecting her. That much of what occurred is imputable to her influence, we have never doubted, since we looked closely into the history of these times. The dark tragedy which followed grew out of prior events, many of which would never have happened if the Austrian princess had not exercised a disastrous power over her feeble, changeful, and untruthful husband. The following anecdote will sufficiently explain our meaning:—

'M. de Calonne told me that when he had ascertained that the Queen and her coterie were hostile to the plans he had prepared, he waited on the King, respectfully and delicately lamented the Queen's reported disapprobation of his project, earnestly conjuring his Majesty, if not resolved to go through with the plan and to silence all opposition or cavil at it within the Court, to allow him to suppress it in time; but if, on the other hand, his Majesty was determined to persevere, suggesting the propriety of impressing on the Queen his earnest desire and wishes that nothing should escape her lips which could sanction a doubt of the excellence of the measures themselves, and still less of the determination of the Court to adopt and enforce them. Lewis at first scouted the notion of the Queen (*une femme*, as he called her,) forming or hazarding any opinion about it. But when M. de Calonne assured him that she spoke of the project in terms of disparagement and censure, the King rang the bell, sent for her Majesty to the apartment, and after sternly and even coarsely rebuking her for meddling with matters, *auxquelles les femmes n'ont rien à faire*, he, to the dismay of De Calonne, took her by the shoulders, and fairly turned her out of the room like a naughty child. "*Me voilà perdu*," said De Calonne to himself; and he was accordingly dismissed, and his scheme abandoned in the course of a few days.'—Pp. 16, 17.

Her personal attachment to the King was more than doubtful, though, in the judgment of some partizans, it is heresy of the worst kind to say so. Some chivalrous writers have undertaken the defence of Mary of Scotland, and so, in our own day, men are found to attach the vilest epithets to those who refuse to

subscribe to the domestic purity of the French Queen. Lord Holland is one of these, and we fear that his incredulity is not without good proof. Passing over this topic, however, we extract a brief passage, descriptive of the Queen as she appeared to her youthful observer:—

‘As I was not presented at Court, I never saw the Queen but at the play-house. She was then in affliction, and her countenance was, no doubt, disfigured by long suffering and resentment. I should not, however, suppose that the habitual expression of it, even in happier seasons, had ever been very agreeable. Her beauty, however extolled, consisted, I suspect, exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air, which her admirers termed dignity, and her enemies pride and disdain. Her total want of judgment and temper no doubt contributed to the disasters of the Royal Family, but there was no member of it to whom the public was uniformly so harsh and unjust, and her trial and death were among the most revolting parts of the whole catastrophe. She was, indeed, insensible when led to the scaffold; but the previous persecution which she underwent was base, unmanly, cruel, and ungenerous to the last degree.’—Pp. 19, 20.

The Duke of Orleans, father of Louis Philippe, acted, as is well known, a prominent part in the Parisian drama, and his name has been handed down as a synonyme for intrigue and selfish ambition. No epithets have been too harsh or degrading in the judgment of royalist scribes to denote his baseness. He is described as at once feeble, vain, restless, and unprincipled—reckless of the ruin of others, and intent only on the advancement of his own criminal designs. Lord Holland’s sketch is much more favorable, and the considerations he advances are, to say the least, entitled to weight. ‘I believe,’ says his lordship, ‘that no man has lived in my time whose character has been more calumniated, or will be more misrepresented to posterity.’ We have our misgivings on this point, and can neither concur in the lenient decision of his lordship, nor in the harsh judgment given by the enemies of the Duke. He perished in the storm which he had aided to raise, and both jacobin and royalist exulted in his fate.

Lord Holland’s introduction to M. Talleyrand occurred in 1791, and this acquaintance was continued through all the strange vicissitudes of the Frenchman’s life. At the period of his residence with his uncle, the Archbishop of Rheims, 1782, he entertained William Pitt, who visited that town, in company with the late Mr. Wilberforce, for the purpose of learning French. The English minister, however, found it convenient, subsequently, to forget the obligation when Talleyrand was an exile from the land of his fathers. He ‘was initiated into public affairs under M. de Calonne, and learnt from that lively

minister the happy facility of transacting business without effort and without ceremony in the corner of a drawing-room, or in the recess of a window. In the exercise of that talent, he equalled the readiness and surpassed the wit of his model, but he brought to his work some commodities, which the latter could never supply; viz. great veracity, discretion, and foresight. He displayed little or no talent for public speaking in the National Assembly. His reports and papers, especially one on education, procured him some celebrity, but were, I suspect, the composition of other men. His abilities were, however, acknowledged, for they were undeniable, and his future success foreseen.'

'For thirty or forty years, the bon-mots of M. de Talleyrand were more frequently repeated, and more generally admired, than those of any living man. The reason was obvious. Few men uttered so many, and yet fewer any equally good. By a happy combination of neatness in language and ease and suavity of manner, with archness and sagacity of thought, his sarcasms assumed a garb at once so courtly and so careless, that they often diverted almost as much as they could mortify even their immediate objects. His humorous reproof to a gentleman vaunting with self-complacency the extreme beauty of his mother, and apparently implying that it might account for advantages in person in her descendants, is well known:—"C'était donc," said he, "*Monsieur votre père qui n'était pas si bien.*" The following is more recent, but the humour of it hardly less arch or less refined. The celebrity of M. de Chateaubriand, the vainest of mortals, was on the wane. About the same time, it happened to be casually mentioned in conversation that Chateaubriand was affected with deafness, and complained bitterly of that infirmity. "*Je comprends,*" said Talleyrand; "*depuis qu'on a cessé de parler de lui il se croit sourd.*"'—Pp. 39, 40, note.

Of another prominent actor, Fouché, to whom Lord Holland was introduced, we are told that his 'countenance, manner, and conversation exhibited at that time the profligacy and ferocity, the energy and restlessness, which one might well expect to find blended in the character of a revolutionist, and which, though more carefully concealed when he became a courtier, were the chief ingredients in the composition of that vain and unprincipled tool of the Republic, the Consul, and the Bourbons.'

The summer and autumn of the following year, 1792, were spent in Denmark and Prussia, in both which countries Lord Holland remarked a universal persuasion that France would be subdued by her invaders, and the prevalence of extreme dissatisfaction at the prospect of such a result. 'Military men, politicians, and all who were styled *good company*, treated any resistance to regular German armies by French troops, much more by National Guards, raw levies, volunteers or peasantry, as an utter

impossibility. The art of war, said they, was reduced to a certainty; the notion of valour, enthusiasm, or numbers defeating disciplined troops commanded by an experienced captain like the Duke of Brunswick, was as chimerical as an attempt to confute a problem in mathematics by metaphor, fancy, or ingenuity.'

We may well smile at such a persuasion, but let us not despise the men who entertained it. Nothing had yet occurred to test the vast power of the enthusiasm of a nation when thoroughly roused and rendered half frantic. Not only was the tide of invasion thrown back, but the Italian campaign of the first Consul established, in fact, the European ascendancy of France. At the time of his lordship's visit to Denmark, the Crown Prince, afterwards Frederick VI., was the ostensible head of the government. We know few satires on monarchy more bitter or cutting than an anecdote of the Court of Copenhagen, thus recorded by our author:—

'The incapacity of his father was acknowledged, and though he continued to sign the edicts and public instruments, he was not permitted to take any part in the deliberation upon them, nor were any of his acts deemed valid, unless countersigned by his son, whom the council had in truth invested with all the functions of royal authority. In fact, the royal signature was preserved as a medical rather than political expedient. The object was to humour and soothe the feelings of the deposed monarch, not to give any validity to acts which without reference to such formality were recognised by the courts of justice, and obeyed by the people. When first set aside, he had bitterly wept at being no longer a king, and adduced as a proof of the misfortune which had misfallen him, that he had no longer any papers to sign. To satisfy him, they were afterwards offered him for signature, and he never declined annexing his name to all that were presented to him, from a fear of losing that, his sole remaining, but, in his view, distinctive prerogative of royalty. It happened, once or twice, from some motive of convenience or accident, that the Crown Prince put his name to an instrument before it was sent to his royal father for his signature; the jealous old Monarch perceived it, and when the next paper was brought, he, to the surprise and consternation of the courtiers, signed "Christian and Co^{nia}," maliciously observing, that he was once sole proprietor of his firm, but he found it was now a partnership, and would spare his associates the trouble of adding their names.'—Pp. 50, 51.

Of the Prussian Court we shall say but little, as the sketch given of its morals is most repulsive. For the honor of the parties concerned, we hope it is overcharged. By-the-bye, at page forty-seven, his lordship's visit to Prussia is said to have been in 1792, whereas at page fifty-eight its chronology is recorded as 1791. The latter, we presume, is a typographical error.

In 1793, Lord Holland visited Spain, and returned thither on two subsequent occasions. He mastered the language, attained considerable knowledge of its literature, and, by the access granted him, obtained an insight into the character and policy of the Court. His sketch is proportionably extended, but its features are so dark and disgusting that we readily pass it over. The character of Ferdinand VII. was unredeemed by a single generous or virtuous trait. 'The hideous uniformity of his base, cowardly, and perfidious career,' gives him an execrable pre-eminence amongst the most perfidious wearers of a crown.

The latter part of the volume, extending from page 187 to 320, is devoted to Napoleon, 'the greatest prodigy,' says Lord Holland, 'of the times to which my notices refer.' The sketch given is, in our judgment, much too favorable. Every extenuating circumstance which the utmost partiality could suggest, is advanced on his behalf, while the worst features of his policy, and its terrible effects, are kept wholly out of sight. His lordship writes more as a friend than a judge, and the portraiture he gives fails, therefore, to convey any accurate notion of the French emperor. We regret these faults. They constitute, in our judgment, a serious offence, and, to whatever extent they have influence, will strengthen mere brute force, apart from the consideration of the manner in which it is employed. We are happily getting out of the iron age, and are learning to estimate men's merits, not by the slaughter they have perpetrated, the hearths they have rendered desolate, the widows and the orphans they have created, but by the higher, nobler, more divine qualities of which our nature is susceptible. We readily admit the vast powers of Napoleon—his gigantic intellect, his sagacity, his unwearied diligence, and marvellous military skill; but his career is to us, we confess, one of the most painful exhibitions which history supplies, and the manner in which Lord Holland adverts to it, is adapted to foster rather than to correct the evil passions out of which it grew. But it is not our purpose to discuss the character and policy of Buonaparte. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with laying before our readers his lordship's report on one or two of the more prominent points of his history.

The following is the account given of the manner in which he obtained the resources needed in order to his assuming the command of the army of Italy. It is strikingly characteristic of his decision and promptitude.

* On his first nomination to the army of Italy, the Directory is said to have been unable or unwilling to supply him with the money necessary for the journey of himself and his aide-de-camps to the spot, and their suitable appearance at the head-quarters of a considerable force.

In this emergency, after collecting all that his resources, the contribution of his friends, and his credit could muster, he is reported to have applied to Junot, a young officer whom he knew to be in the habit of frequenting the gaming-tables, and confiding to him all the money he had been able to raise, in itself no great sum, to have directed him either to lose the whole, or to increase it to a considerable amount before the morning, as on his success that night at play depended the possibility of his taking the command of the army and appointing Junot his aide-de-camp. Junot, after succeeding beyond his expectations in winning to an amount in his judgment equal to the exigencies of his employer, hastened to inform General Buonaparte, but he was not satisfied, and resolving to try his fortune to the utmost, bade his friend return, risk all that he had gained, and not quit the table till he had lost the last penny, or doubled the sum he had brought back to him. In this also, after some fluctuation, the chances favoured him; and Napoleon set out to his head-quarters furnished with sufficient to take upon him the command with no little personal splendour and *éclat*.—Pp. 217, 218.

No light is thrown on the murder of the Duke of Enghien, one of the darkest tragedies of the reign of Napoleon, but every extenuating plea which can diminish the horror awakened by so infamous an event is set forth. It is probable, as Lord Holland suggests, that the Duke was mistaken for Pichegru; but, if so, what shall we think of the recklessness which could thus trifle with life, or of the policy which could employ the forms of investigation, in order to overrule the requirements of justice? Of his mental habits, and prodigious powers of application, we are told:—

‘Great as was his appetite for knowledge, his memory in retaining, and his quickness in applying it, his labour both in acquiring and using it was equal to them. In application to business he could wear out the men most inured to study. In the deliberations on the Code Civil, many of which lasted ten, twelve, or fifteen hours without intermission, he was always the last whose attention flagged; and he was so little disposed to spare himself trouble, that even in the Moscow campaign he sent regularly to every branch of administration in Paris directions in detail, which in every government but his would, both from usage and convenience, have been left to the discretion of the superintending minister, or to the common routine of business. This and other instances of his diligence are more wonderful than praiseworthy. . . . Yet with all this industry, and with the multiplicity of topics which engaged his intention, he found time for private and various reading. His librarian was employed for some time every morning in replacing maps and books which his unwearied and insatiable curiosity had consulted before breakfast. He read all letters whatever addressed to himself, whether in his private or public capacity; and it must, I believe, be acknowledged that he often took the same liberty with those directed to other people. He had indulged in that unjustifiable prac-

tice before his elevation ; and such was his impatience to open both parcels and letters that, however employed, he could seldom defer the gratification of his curiosity an instant after either came under his notice or his reach. Josephine, and others well acquainted with his habits, very pardonably took some advantage of this propensity. Matters which she feared to mention to him were written and directed to her, and the letters unopened left in his way. He often complied with wishes which he thought he had detected by an artifice, more readily than had they been presented in the form of claim, petition, or request. He liked to know everything ; but he liked all he did to have the appearance of springing entirely from himself, feeling, like many others in power, an unwillingness to encourage even those they love in an opinion that they have an influence over them, or that there is any certain channel to their favour. . . . With the temper and habits I have described, he was not likely to be scrupulous in furnishing his police with much vexatious authority. It was accordingly most active and most odious ; but such has always been, and is still, the practice in France. Napoleon's agents were for the most part restored emigrants, ex-nobles, and pretended royalists. Many after the restoration were indiscreet enough to acknowledge, or at least to prove by their complaints of the niggardly boons which they received from Lewis XVIII., that the profit derived from betraying the cause of legitimacy under the Usurper had exceeded what they earned by their support of it under a Bourbon prince.'—Pp. 277—281.

The extracts we have given will enable our readers to judge of the character and merits of this volume. We have read it with considerable interest, and, though we cannot say it has greatly enlarged our knowledge, yet we are free to confess that it has given a freshness and definite form to many notions which had previously floated loosely in our mind.

ART. VIII.—1. *The Letters Apostolical of Pope Pius IX., considered with Reference to the Law of England and the Law of Europe.* By Travers Twiss, D.C.L., of Doctors' Commons, Fellow of University College, Oxford ; and Commissary General of the Diocese of Canterbury. London : Longman and Co. 1851.

2. *The Queen or the Pope ? The Question considered in its Political, Legal, and Religious Aspects. In a Letter to Spencer H. Walpole, Esq., Q.C., M.P.* By Samuel Warren, Esq., F.R.S. Fifth Edition. With a Note concerning Ireland. London and Edinburgh : Blackwood and Sons. 1851.

3. *The Duty of England. A Protestant Layman's Reply to Cardinal Wiseman's 'Appeal.'* London: John Chapman. 1851.
4. *Reflexions arising out of the Popish Aggression; for the Consideration of the Church, Laity, and Parliament. With Comments on the Dispute between the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, of Saint Barnabas, Pimlico, and the Bishop of London.* By a Simple Protestant. London: Kendal. 1851.
5. *Cautions for the Times. Addressed to the Parishioners of a Parish in England.* By their former Rector. To be published occasionally. No. 1. London: Parker.
6. *The Papal Aggression and Popery contemplated Religiously. A Pastoral Address to his Flock.* By J. A. James. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1851.
7. *The Protestant Reformation. A Lecture.* By the Rev. George Smith. Second Edition. London: John Snow. 1851.—*The Right of Private Judgment. A Lecture.* By the Rev. George Smith, of Trinity Chapel, Poplar. London: Gorbell, Wertheim, and Macintosh. 1851.
8. *A Voice from an Outpost. Two Discourses on the Papal Aggression.* By W. Urwick, D.D. Dublin: Robertson. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1851.
9. *Roman Catholicism and Protestant Christianity contrasted. A Tract for the Times.* By John Rogers, Author of 'Am I a Christian?' &c. Second Edition, revised. London: John Snow. 1851.
10. *A Tract for the Times. Not the Church, not the Pope, but the Bible.* By William Thwaites, Author of 'Facts and Opinions for Churchmen and Dissenters.' London: Houlston. 1851.

DR. TWISS's elaborate consideration of the Letters Apostolic of Pope Pius IX. is, what it professes to be, a discussion of a purely *legal and political* character. To some of our readers such a discussion may be destitute of interest; to others, we apprehend, it may prove, as in our own case, remarkably attractive; and, for their sakes, we shall give as full and luminous a report as we are able of the learned writer's production.

He shows that the document of the date of 29th September, 1850, with the signature of Cardinal Lambruschini attached to it, is not what is technically termed a papal bull. A bull consists of letters patent issued from the Roman Chancery, with a leaden seal (*bullæ*) attached to them (*sub plombo*). 'Letters apostolical' are in the form of a brief, given under the Fisherman's Ring (a

seal on which an image of St. Peter is engraved), and subscribed by the Secretary of Briefs. The document in question belongs to the latter class of instruments—a brief, not a bull. Its title is—‘*Sanctissimi nostri Domini Pii Divina Providentia Papæ IX. Litteræ Apostolicæ quibus Hierarchia Episcopalis in Anglia restituitur. Romæ Typis Sacræ Congregationis de Propaganda Fide M DCCC L.*’ which, being interpreted in English, is—Letters apostolic of our most holy lord Pius IX. by Divine Providence Pope, by which the Episcopal Hierarchy is restored in England. The difference between a brief and a bull consists in something more than the mere forms. A brief *may* be, and *has* been, *suppressed*; it may be cancelled by a second brief; it is mostly of a more limited application than a bull. A bull may *not* be suppressed; it can be cancelled only by a bull which must pass through the Roman Chancery. It is, not infrequently, binding on the entire communion of the Church of Rome. The brief which has lately appeared in England does not deal with Roman Catholics alone, but the *territories* of England, appointing persons to *govern* them *with ordinary jurisdiction*. The country is recognised as Catholic England. This brief was expounded in the pastoral letter in which Nicholas, Archbishop of Westminster, Cardinal Priest of the Church of St. Pudenziana in Rome, and Administrator Apostolic of the diocese of Southwark in England, enjoined that the said pastoral letter should be publicly read in all the churches and chapels of the arch-diocese of Westminster, and the diocese of Southwark, on the Sunday after its being received.

After these explanations, Dr. Twiss examines patiently, courteously, and with characteristic acumen, Mr. Bowyer’s pamphlet, published ‘by authority,’ and Cardinal Wiseman’s ‘Appeal to the English people.’ The latter publication is described as ‘more rhetorical’ than Mr. Bowyer’s in its mode of treating the subject, and as ‘replete with irony and sarcasm.’ To the arguments of both these writers the answers of Dr. Twiss appear to us to be as exactly just in reasoning as they are calm and dignified in temper. From this part of the volume, which it would not be easy to condense, we glean a few statements of fact which it is of some importance that our readers should know, as naturally guiding them in judging of this legal question:—

‘The Protestant Episcopalian Church in Scotland is maintained by the law of the land, under the spiritual authority of bishops exercising episcopal functions within given districts, but *without any fixed sees or tithes recognised by law*. . . The system of vicars apostolic is *not a system confined to heathen countries*, but is *the recognised mode of administering the spiritual affairs of the Roman Catholic body in such European States as are not in ecclesiastical communion*, or at least under

treaty-engagements with the Holy "See." As far as the Roman Catholic LAITY are concerned, the change is likely to prove in a *temporal* point of view most inconvenient to them. Hitherto the Roman Catholic body in England has, under its peculiar constitution, been favoured with an exemption from many of the provisions of the Canon Law which *were at variance with the institutions of the country*. They now become subject to it in its locality; and a legal writer, a Roman Catholic member of the House of Commons, has already called attention to the fact, that it would appear, in the present state of the law, to be almost impossible for the delegated power of the new Cardinal and his suffragans 'to be so exercised as not to affect the temporalities of the Roman Catholic Church, and, consequently, the legal rights of persons, whether spiritual or lay.'"

Having proved that the brief—even on Dr. Wiseman's showing—'a mere change of titles'—is of no *spiritual* value to the laity, and positively injurious to their temporal interests, Dr. Twiss shows that its real object, the key to the otherwise inexplicable proceeding, is the formation of an 'organic bond of union,' among the vicariates,—'power to give their joint acts a general authority.' This power of combined decision and uniform action is opposed to the genius of the English constitution. The Roman Catholic authorities take within their jurisdiction many questions which, *by our laws*, belong to the supreme legislature. The late edict of the Synod of Thurles is sufficient to prove that thirteen Roman Catholics in Ireland 'are constrained, *against their conscience*, to thwart the execution of the law.'

'If the desire to possess this power—to have a hierarchy—through which alone it can be given, "is," as Dr. Wiseman states, "essentially a Catholic purpose and a Catholic object," then Catholic objects and Catholic purposes are not those which the law of the land can be expected to further; and Catholic organization, in the manner in which it is provided for by the Letters Apostolic, and in the sense in which it is intended, according to Dr. Wiseman's own avowal, to be carried into execution in England, becomes inconsistent with the safety of the state, for it saps the foundations of the pillars of obedience to the law of the land, upon which the safety of the State rests.'

Dr. Twiss opposes to Dr. Wiseman's references to Belgium a large collection of facts, which show that the Government of that country has entertained very considerable fear to the State, from *the ecclesiastical encroachments* of the Roman Catholic bishops upon the law of the land. Only in 1845, the Belgian government was under the necessity of putting down an attempt of the bishops, by means of *secret conventions* with the communal authorities, to fetter them in discharging the duties imposed on them by the civil power.

'A further observation may be added upon the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church in Belgium. It is well known that the Belgian clergy

gave in their adherence *en masse*, with a very few exceptions, to the famous Encyclical Letter of Gregory XVI. (18 Sept., 1832.) That Encyclical Letter condemned, in the most absolute manner, "that absurd and erroneous maxim, or rather wild notion, that *liberty of conscience* ought to be assured and guaranteed to every person."* Whether the Pope on this occasion adopted a sound view, it boots not to inquire; but this at least may be said, that it would ill become those who deny liberty of conscience to others, to demand, under the plea of liberty of conscience, an impunity in infringing the solemn sanctions of the law of the land.'

The pains and penalties attaching by statute law to the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in England were removed by Act of Parliament in 1791. The Relief Act of 1829, an act of the *Imperial* Parliament, bestowed on the laity of the United Kingdom a *political status*, but made no change in their religious or ecclesiastical condition. The Toleration Act of 1791 permitted the Roman Catholics to have 'ministers of any higher rank or order than priests.' To this permission the Relief Act added nothing. Neither the one act nor the other contemplated an *episcopate*—a hierarchy—a capacity in which the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church were refused to be recognised long ago by the Empress Maria Theresa, and, so lately as the year 1845, by the existing Belgian government. The more recent laws of England relating to Roman Catholics—

'Have not made *lawful* anything in respect of the supremacy of the Pope as claimed, used, or usurped, within this realm before the reign of Queen Elizabeth.' . . . 'It is still against the law of the land for a subject of her Majesty to *maintain* or *defend* the spiritual or ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope, as *heretofore claimed or used* by him, within this realm, or to put in use or execute anything for the maintenance or defence of it. On the other hand, the Roman Catholic subjects of her Majesty have been relieved from the necessity of making any *positive renunciation* of the Pope's spiritual authority as a *condition of enjoying their full civil rights*. Whilst their religion is thus completely tolerated, and they are not called upon to do or declare anything against their religious convictions, they are, on the other hand, restricted from putting into use or execution the complete ecclesiastical system of their Church. The contrary position cannot be reasonably maintained in the face of the provision and declaration of the statute just recited.'

One of the arguments relied on with much confidence, both by Mr. Bowyer and by Dr. Wiseman, is, that the Relief (or

* 'Atque ex hoc putidissimo in differentissimi fonte absurda illa fluit ac erronea sententia, seu potius deliramentum asserendam esse ac vindicandam cuilibet *libertatem conscientiae*.'—*Epistola Encyclica Gregorii Divina Providentia Papæ XVI.*

Emancipation) Act, 'by forbidding any one from assuming or using the style or title of any archbishopric or bishopric of the Established Church, *virtually allows* Roman Catholics to assume *any others*.' Now, in that statute, it is *assumed* that *it is an offence* at common law to use them unless *authorized by law*. But, even if we admitted that Mr. Bowyer and Dr. Wiseman have interpreted rightly the law referred to, the brief is illegal, and offensive, *on their own showing*, for it constitutes a bishop of St. David's—an act which *these gentlemen* tell us is 'forbidden,' but which Dr. Twiss, with more legal accuracy, *proves* to be an 'offence, not created by any enactment of this statute; on the contrary, the assumption and use of the style and title, without lawful authority, is dealt with penally.'

'Now the style and title of *Episcopus Menevensis*, or *Bishop of St. David's*, cannot be assumed by the nominee of the Holy See without a direct violation of the statute 10 Geo. IV. c. 7, s. 24; and the consequent forfeiture on each occasion of one hundred pounds of good and lawful money of the Queen. This may have been an oversight on the part of the Holy See, unless it is to be considered in the light of a *farther experiment upon the elasticity* of the statute law of England.'

There appears to have been much popular misunderstanding, in which we acknowledge our participation, respecting the recognition, by Government, of the claims of the Irish bishops. It is clearly shown by Dr. Twiss that on no occasion has the assumption and use of the *name, style, or title* of archbishop of any province, or bishop of any bishopric, by the Roman Catholic prelates in Ireland, been recognised, directly or indirectly, as lawful. Their episcopal order has been recognised, and social rank has been conceded to them. *Territorial* titles are not accorded. At the same time, Dr. Twiss admits that—

'It is to be regretted that greater care has not been taken with the phraseology of several documents of a public nature in which *spiritual jurisdiction* is spoken of, where *spiritual authority* would have been the more appropriate and less ambiguous phrase, as *jurisdiction* properly implies a *forum externum*, *authority* need only refer to the *forum conscientie*.'

A similar explanation applies to the colonies. In 1835, her Majesty's Government acceded to a proposal that Dr. Polding, who went to Australia as a simple chaplain to the Roman Catholic population, should be allowed to exercise *episcopal authority*. After an absence for awhile from the colony he returned with the title of Archbishop of Sydney, whereas, previously, he had the title of Bishop of Hiero-Cæsarea, and executed episcopal functions as vicar-apostolic. But her Majesty's Government has hitherto never recognised any *archiepiscopal* see of Sydney.

Dr. Twiss, who has gone thoroughly and impartially into the whole question, says, most explicitly :—

‘ It may therefore be safely said, that her Majesty’s Government has carefully declined to recognise the *territorial* titles assumed by the Roman Catholic bishops from sees assigned to them from their Church within the Australian colonies. And so far from no remonstrance having ever been made, as Dr. Wiseman asserts, in consequence of the creation of the Papal sees, and the assumption of the style and title of the Australian bishops of the English Church, the printed correspondence on the subject laid before the House of Commons in 1849 and 1850 supplies very full evidence to the contrary. From this printed correspondence, which we have examined critically, we find that the rule laid down by her Majesty’s Secretary of State for the Colonies on this question is,—“That the Roman Catholic prelates are *not* to be recognised by the local government under the *titles assigned to them by their own Church.*”’ . . .

‘ Dr. Wiseman complains that old and long dormant statutes should be wakened up, and obsolete legislation should be turned against himself and his colleagues. But the Pope himself has awakened up a *long dormant hierarchy, and has turned against England an obsolete code of law.* Surely, if the spectre of Popery once more stalks at large on the banks of the Thames, and casts the shadow of its gaunt form before it; if the Pope has disinterred what were believed to be dry bones, and they have come together at his bidding, and he has sought to breathe life into them; shall Dr. Wiseman, with reason, complain that the guardians of the temple of the laws of England rouse themselves up to confront their ancient foe? But the statute law has not been mute since the reign of Elizabeth; it was heard to speak forth in clear and distinct tones in 1846, when it expressly declared the laws of Queen Victoria to continue in this respect the same as those of Queen Elizabeth.’

As to Cardinal Wiseman’s own liability, let us look at the facts of the case, and to the precedents in the history of England. We learn, on the authority of public newspapers, that the brief of the Pope was read aloud in the congregation assembled, with open doors, at the enthronement of the Cardinal. *This was a violation of the statute law of England.* Cardinal Wolsey committed the same offence, and the Judges of the Court of King’s Bench held that it was ‘a contempt of the King and the Crown, and contrary to the statute.’ Wolsey, accordingly, was *convicted*. Subsequently to the ‘Reformation,’ we learn from Howell’s State Trials, and from Sir John Davies’s Reports, that Robert Lalor was convicted by a jury of the city of Dublin of exercising episcopal *jurisdiction* by virtue of a bull or a brief procured from Rome.

It is well known that Dr. Wiseman, in his ‘Appeal,’ relies on the assumed analogy between the recent brief of the Pope, in

erecting a hierarchy in England without consent of Government, and the conduct of the same Government in erecting a see at Jerusalem without asking the King of Abyssinia's leave, and in giving the Bishop of Gibraltar jurisdiction *over Italy*. The facts, however, are not as they have been represented by Dr. Wiseman and by Mr. Bowyer. Dr. Alexander was consecrated to the *office of a bishop* by virtue of a license from the Crown to exercise spiritual authority over the ministers of *British congregations* of the United Church of England and Ireland, and over *such other Protestant congregations* as may be desirous of placing themselves under his authority. He is not addressed by the Crown of England as the Bishop of Jerusalem, but as the Right Rev. Dr. Alexander; and special care was taken by the Crown to communicate to the Ottoman Porte, that Bishop Alexander went to Syria under strict injunctions not to meddle with the religious concerns either of the Mahommedan or of the Christian subjects of the Porte, and that he was not to attempt to make proselytes to the Church of England from either of those classes. In Abyssinia, according to Dr. Wiseman's own statement, there is not a single Protestant congregation. The 'other Protestants' contemplated in the license, were the subjects of the King of Prussia, and the arrangement, as is well known, was made with that monarch's consent.

Then, as to the Bishop of Gibraltar, the Government of this country has entrusted him with the pastoral oversight of all *Protestants* in communion with his own Church, or who may place themselves under his authority, in Gibraltar, and in Malta and its dependencies, according to the ecclesiastical laws now in force in England. But in the letters patent we do not find a word about Italy or Rome; nor has he exercised any *ecclesiastical jurisdiction* in the Holy City.

While the advocates of the Pope have failed to make good their pretensions by acts of the British Government, and the Pope has been dealing with the territory of England precisely as he would if our Queen had placed her realm at his disposal for ecclesiastical purposes, or if the Government were entirely his own, in clear and direct opposition to the laws of this realm, this violation of English law by English subjects, as agents of a foreign power, is equally opposed to the law of Europe, as exhibited in the usage and practice of nations.

'If there be any one principle of law which has received the sanction of that high usage and practice which constitutes it a binding obligation on all the powers of Christendom, it is this—that *the Pope cannot set up the see of a bishop within the territory of an independent prince without his consent*. Common sense suggests, that none other than the sovereign power of the land can give a bishop a *seat* within the land.

The Pope may give a bishop *mission*—i.e., may authorize him to go forth as the spiritual ambassador of the Holy See—but that the Pope should establish a territorial *seat* for his bishop in the realm of a sovereign power without its consent, would be to usurp an attribute of local sovereignty, and to take possession of the land for ecclesiastical purposes. For it matters not that the possession is only formal and figurative, for such is, also, for the most part, the character of civil occupation. *Words* are for such purposes taken to represent *things*. But the Pope has not been content merely to declare his will to erect sees—he has gone further. He has sent *his subject*, a prince of his court, to take effective possession of his see, and to execute such acts as serve to mark his ecclesiastical occupation of the land. All that is now required to establish an irrefragable title is, that the sovereign of the land should *acquiesce* in the settlement of the cardinal.

An instrument of government is issued by one of the powers recognised in Europe, dated from his capital, and subscribed by his Minister. Such an instrument of foreign government would not be allowed in any state of Europe. In the sixteenth century, the borough of Bresse, in Savoy, was made a city and the see of a bishop by Pope Leo X.; but because the King of France had not consented to it, the Pope's diploma to that effect was recalled. It was *on condition of being received by the English nation* that Pope Gregory agreed to make Augustine a bishop. It was not the Pope, but the English monarch, who assigned to him the city of Canterbury as his see. It was the successor of Alfred, Edward the Elder, who erected five new sees, which royal act was confirmed by Pope Formosus. It was with the consent of William the Norman that Archbishop Lanfranc established episcopal sees in Chester, Salisbury, and Chichester. Eadmer, Matthew Paris, and Matthew of Westminster, the Church annalists of their times, most amply illustrate the rule that no new bishop could be instituted to a see without the consent of the King. The Pope's confirmation was required; but the territorial sovereignty of the British Crown was never abdicated.

Of Protestant states, there are some which have, and others which have not, diplomatic relations with the see of Rome. The Netherlands is still considered as a *mission in partibus infidelium*, under the superintendence of vicars-apostolic; and it is not unworthy of remark that the bishop *in partibus* designed by the Pope to reside in Amsterdam, as vicar, has not, as yet, ventured to take possession of the building allowed to him for a residence, in the presence of the difficulties raised in his way by the Protestant communions in Holland.

In Prussia, and in Hanover, the King must be consulted before Roman Catholic sees can be assigned. In Denmark there is no Roman Catholic bishop, but a vicar-apostolic. In Schleswig and Holstein, there is bare *toleration*. In Swe-

den there is a vicar-apostolic authorized by royal diploma to exercise his functions within that realm, subject to certain laws. In Protestant Saxony, where the King is a Roman Catholic, his Majesty's confessor is accustomed to receive the title of a bishop *in partibus*, with the authority of vicar-apostolic. Thus it appears that the practice of countries in which the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Roman see is not acknowledged, as also the practice of the Roman see in relation to such countries, has been uniformly based on the principle of recognising the local sovereignty in the constitution of episcopal sees. When Catherine II., the Empress of Russia, consented to the erection of the archiepiscopal see of Mohilow, but objected to the oath, as *at variance with the law of the country*, that oath—or rather the famous clause, ‘*hæreticos persequar et impugnabo*’—was cancelled, and, *on this precedent*, the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland obtained permission from Pope Pius VI. to omit the clause, in accommodation to their peculiar circumstances as British subjects.

‘Either there has been a practice and usage in such matters, or there has not been any such practice or usage. Thus much, at least, ultramontanists of the Church of Rome must admit that from the earliest period since the Roman Pontiff has exercised any authority in the business of erecting sees for bishops in foreign lands, he has exercised such authority, be it either spiritual or ecclesiastical, with the assent and consent of the territorial sovereign. That practice originated when the Pope was not a sovereign prince. It was observed invariably by him for three centuries, during which he possessed no temporal power. It has continued to be the rule, with very rare exceptions, in such matters, since the Popes separated themselves from, and became independent of, the princes of Constantinople, down to the Reformation, in all countries which have acknowledged the spiritual supremacy of the patriarch of the Western Church; whilst, subsequently to the Reformation, we find that no contrary practice has grown up in regard to either those states which have continued in ecclesiastical communion with the Holy See, or those which have renounced such communion. It is difficult to understand how a principle of such importance, if it involved a spiritual question, should never have been asserted by the Pope in his relations with sovereign princes, who have professedly acknowledged and recognised the supremacy of the Holy See, and that meanwhile a use and a practice should have intervened which has shifted the matter altogether from its foundations on abstract principle. The necessity of protection at the hands of the territorial sovereign has introduced the right of consent on his part, and the PRACTICE OF EUROPE HAS ESTABLISHED IT.’

The case of Ireland is admitted by Dr. Twiss, and with melancholy truth, to be that of ‘a land of anomalies.’

‘In Ireland there has always been a Roman Catholic Church; in

England there has been ever since the Reformation a Roman Catholic Mission. In Ireland there have always been local Roman Catholic bishops; in England there have been no local bishops, but vicars-apostolic. In Ireland, the Pope has always appointed to the *ancient* sees; in England he has established *new* sees. In Ireland the Canon Law has always been in force among the Roman Catholics; in England it has been introduced by the brief of Pope Pius IX.'

Dr. Twiss proceeds to show that the judges of the land cannot refuse to take cognizance of the law, if its violation should be raised in Westminster Hall. In England the established custom has been in accordance with the law. In Ireland the statute law is practically a dead letter. In this view of the facts of the case, the writer calmly examines the notions both of Roman Catholics and of Protestants as to *ignoring* the violation of the law in England, or repealing the laws which are thus systematically broken. He then fairly sums up the whole question now before the public and the Parliament of Great Britain in these words:—'The point of the Papal wedge has been inserted; and the brief may drive it home, and the *laws of England will then be scattered to the winds.*'

Mr. Warren's pamphlet is a more earnest expression of Protestant judgment and feeling than the larger work of Dr. Twiss. We need say no more of it than that it is well suited to the occasion on which it is written, and worthy of the writer's reputation. We are glad that *he* recognises 'our dissenting brethren,' and we thankfully accept the agreeable morsel which he has extracted for our special consolation, from Count le Maistre's treatise, entitled 'The Pope.'

'As the putrefaction of large organized bodies produces innumerable *sects* of many reptiles, national religions, *when putrefied*, produce, in like manner, a *multitude of religious insects*, which drag out, on the same soil, the remains of a divided, imperfect, and disgusting existence. This may be observed on all sides; and by this may England and Russia particularly account for the number and inexhaustible fecundity of the sects which pullulate within their immense territories. *These sects are born of the putrefaction of a great body.* Such is the order of nature!'

With the deepest seriousness of mind we sympathize with the beliefs and the emotions of this noble passage.

'If so unworthy a person as myself might presume to offer a word of entreaty to my earnest brother Protestants, it would be this: to keep our eyes fixed upon, and continually direct those of others to, the *cardinal points of distinction* between us and the Romish Church. One of them is a truth blazing above us in the gospel firmament, like a sun: I mean the awful and self-supporting doctrine of the *all-sufficient* and

exclusive priesthood of Jesus Christ. Let this glorious and consolatory truth, with its kindred truths, especially the *royalty* of that priesthood, that of a priest *upon his throne*, be constantly mingled with the thinkings of our innermost souls, and all the deadly exhalations of Romish corruption will melt away from us for ever.'

We have occupied so much space with Dr. Twiss's volume, that we have left room for no more than a most cursory, yet respectful, reference to the smaller publications now before us. The 'Protestant Layman' writes as an advocate of toleration and of reason. He has no sympathy with evangelical doctrines, whether in the Church of Rome, or elsewhere. He denounces the ambition of Rome. He demands the abolition of all tests and creeds. He has faith in human progress. He sees nothing in the aggressions of the Papacy that can be met by law. His confidence is in employing 'all the efforts of reason, and all the powers of mind, setting them free from clog, impediment, and restraint, so that, dispelling ignorance and counteracting superstition, they may lead the world, through the paths of knowledge, to the unclouded perception and soul-forming recognition of Truth.' We do not believe that this writer means by 'Truth' the same thing that the apostles meant by 'THE Truth.' He seems to have looked at this grave practical question with the calmness of one who has no perception of the kind of danger with which our land is threatened; or who, perhaps, regards the cool, and learned, and impartial men of all parties who do see that danger, as persons unhappily destitute of reason.—The 'Simple Protestant' treats his readers to a rambling comment on sundry things in which we now feel no special interest, and in a manner which, however *simple*, does not touch us with any sense of either intelligence or power.

'Cautions for the Times' is the commencement of a series of tracts, bearing evident marks of the presence of a master mind. The writer is no novice, no bigot; but, we presume, a practised and liberal observer of the working of parties in this nation. The tone is so moderate and Christian, that we shall be glad to see the series prolonged.

In Mr. James's 'Pastoral Address,' all the good qualities of the experienced and esteemed writer are advantageously displayed. While urging on 'his flock' the *religious* view of the question, he advocates the spirit of inquiry, and boldly, yet kindly, reminds 'our Church-of-England friends,' that the principle which renders Popery so dangerous is 'that which she holds in common with every Protestant secular establishment of religion—THE UNION OF CHURCH AND STATE. We must, therefore, stand forth against the Popery of Protestantism as well as of Rome.' In the same manly tone of Christian discrimination, he

guards his people against uncharitableness, divisions, and the neglect of public duties, while he presses on them the spirit of prayer, the study of Popery, the diffusion of fair Protestant principles, and the closer union of all evangelical denominations. We sincerely congratulate both the 'flock' and the 'pastor' on the appearance of so vigorous and Christian an address, which needs from us no words of commendation.

Mr. Smith's 'Lectures' are both seasonable, expressing sound doctrines, and conveying valuable information, in nervous and popular language.

Dr. Urwick's 'Two Discourses' contemplate 'the Pope's measure, *First*, in its immediate references to our sovereign, to the Church of England, to the Roman Catholic Church, and to scriptural Protestantism. *Secondly*, in reference to the facts which it has made apparent—that the Papacy claims the same prerogatives as formerly, and is prepared to exercise them when a fitting opportunity is presented; that Romanizing influences have been, to a considerable extent, leavening the population of England; yet, that the average heart of Great Britain is sound against the Papacy. *Thirdly*, as naturally, if not necessarily, bringing under discussion such topics as,—the Papacy itself, the *hierarchical system of church polity*, the nature of Christian piety, and the *connexion* between religion and the State. *Fourthly*, as devolving upon the Protestants of Great Britain certain obligations. In enforcing these obligations, Dr. Urwick finely suggests the amazement which would be excited if 'the Queen, as sovereign of the United Kingdom, simply and throughout, took the conduct of the Pope, as sovereign of his Italian realm, for her rule; our sovereign giving to Roman Catholics in London, and other parts of our empire, just that measure of civil and religious liberty which *the Pope gives to Protestants of all kinds* in Rome and Italy, and no more!' Of course, *he* does not counsel such reprisals. He calls on statesmen and senators to secure for the royal position and prerogative all the vindication that the case demands, and whatever further may be necessary for guaranteeing *full civil and religious freedom to every loyal subject*, in discharging his conscience towards God *without trenching upon the civil rights of his neighbours*; and he exhorts all Protestants to redoubled vigilance and energy in the use of scriptural means for evangelizing the *masses and the aristocracy* of the empire, to rid themselves of whatever now, in their fellowship or its order, affords countenance or facility to the tenets or aims of the Church of Rome, to cordial good-will towards each other in the brotherhood of the Gospel, and simply, steadfastly, and increasingly to make their great God and Saviour their entire and constant trust, and hope, and joy.

We do not know that we have seen the entire question so completely and skilfully handled as in these Discourses.

Of Mr. Rogers's interesting pamphlet we have only space for saying that we have read it with much admiration of the intelligence, discrimination, broad humanity, and hearty piety with which he contrasts Roman Catholicism and Protestant Christianity in their most vital and obvious features.

Mr. Thwaites's 'Tract for the Times—not the Church, not the Pope, but the Bible,' is, as may be inferred from the title, an argument for the word of God as the sole rule of faith. He gives a brief sketch of the Primitive Churches for the purpose of showing how absurd it would be to go to the Romans, the Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, or Thessalonians, or any other early communities, as infallible *standards* of Christian truth. It is an ingenious and novel, but sound and judicious, method of demonstrating the truth which must be at the foundation of every argument on behalf of any doctrine of 'the faith once delivered to the saints.'

We sum up our review of these various publications by frankly observing that those persons appear to us to be greatly in error—*far behind* in their intelligence and in their love of religious freedom—who, on the one hand, treat 'the Great Controversy' of our day as one of slight moment, or of mere party rivalry; or who, on the other hand, expect that the truth of the gospel is to be *defended by acts of Parliament*. The pretensions of the Papacy are partly such as relate to religion, and partly such as relate to *political power*. The former pretensions *we* propose to deal with, unceasingly, in the use of moral and spiritual means alone: for the latter—the ULTRAMONTANE POLICY—the Papal as distinguished from the Roman Catholic—*power as distinguished from opinion*—can be dealt with only in one way, and that is, by *wise laws impartially and vigorously enforced, as the will of an enlightened, free, strong, and resolute nation*. We shall see whether the Imperial Parliament is prepared for *this*.

ART. IX.—1. *The Case of the Authors as regards the Paper Duty.*
By Charles Knight. Second Edition. London. 1851.

2. *Excise Duty on Paper considered as affecting the Employment of the Poor, the Grievances of the Manufacturer, and the Injury to the Consumer.* By J. B. Crompton, Farnworth Mills, Bolton, Lancashire.

3. *The 'Morning Post,' January 23rd, January 31st, February 4th, 1851.*

WHILE grave objections lie against all indirect methods of raising revenue, there are some of a special kind which apply to those duties that affect the manufacture and circulation of books, and other appliances for the transmission of opinion and the spread of knowledge. These interests the Lord J. Russell Government affect to hold pre-eminently dear, and for them have made a sacrifice of some principles which, in our opinion, they were bound to have held still dearer. In pressing their favourite measure for national education, they greatly depreciated both the desire for education prevailing among the lower classes, and the amount of it which actually exists; while, to serve their purpose, they either ignored or repudiated statistical evidence, alike comprehensive and unimpeachable. Yet with all this appearance of zeal, they perpetuate a tax upon the most necessary article, and, so to speak, the raw material of education, operating in many cases as a prohibition, and in all cases as a grievance, the extent of which will, we think, surprise those of our readers who have not specially directed their attention to this subject.

It would be superfluous, we trust, to insist upon the superior importance of moral and intellectual over mere material progress. It is a sufficiently-established principle in the creed of all thoughtful persons, that the statistics, by which we estimate national power and greatness, are but the indexes upon a dial, while the essential mechanism is unseen because it is internal, and incapable of numerical definition because it is spiritual. None, therefore, but the superficial statesman and the unskilful financier will be misled by the specious appearance of immediate productiveness, and dam up the very fountain of production, while drawing his resources from the stream. It is by this short-sighted and semi-barbarous policy, that all those taxes are maintained which tend to restrain the moral and intellectual advancement of the people. Let us see to what extent the taxes

on knowledge, and pre-eminently the paper-duty, produce this effect.

In a former article * we presented, at length, the statement of Mr. Charles Knight (the stout-hearted man who first volunteered to lead the forlorn hope of cheap literature), touching the financial history of the 'Penny Cyclopædia': a work, than which, no other published in our days, was entitled to a wider circulation, or adapted to more extensive usefulness. Of this we will briefly recapitulate the results. The production of this work, burdened with toil and anxiety a period of thirteen or fourteen years. It was entirely original, and upon it Mr. Knight expended the sum of forty-two thousand pounds; yet, with all his intelligence, resources, and enterprise, as a publisher, and with all the intrinsic attractions of the work itself, backed by the *prestige* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, it has not been remunerative. Does the reader inquire the reason? He paid to Government, for paper-duty, no less than sixteen thousand five hundred pounds, *directly*, and indirectly the enormous amount of twenty-nine thousand pounds. 'Had the duty,' he said, 'not been reduced by one-half at the end of 1836, I could not, by any possibility, have carried on the work. As it was, I struggled to the end.'

Our next illustration shall be drawn from the business transactions of the Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, than whom, as the energetic circulators of useful literature, in a popular and accessible form, no men deserve better of their country, or have a stronger claim upon the consideration of the Government. 'At a recent meeting, one of the Messrs. Chambers stated that, in making their calculations as to the paying of the cheap publications, the amount of composition is never taken into account; even the price paid to authors is comparatively trifling. When 50,000 copies of a cheap work are issued, the cost of authorship is not more than fifteen or twenty guineas, and bears no proportion to the whole expenditure. The total quantity of paper used in his establishment is 18,000 reams, or 8,640,000 sheets per annum, the cost of which is 13,000*l.*, and this pays duty to the Government to the amount of 3,000*l.*'

The same firm commenced the publication of a popular and instructive work, entitled, 'The Miscellany of Tracts,' which reached a steady sale of 80,000, but, even with this large circulation, they were compelled to discontinue it, because they found that the Government had received what ought to have been the publishers' profit, not less than 6,200*l.* for that single work.

* Eclectic Review, vol. xxvii. pp. 433, 434.

'On striking the balance of the account,' says Mr. Chambers, 'it was found that the Government had got all. After having toiled for three years, and employed a great number of printers and literary men, and having spent 18,000*l.* a year on the work, they, the publishers, got nothing; and therefore they discontinued the publication. But it might be asked, why they had not raised the price of the work a penny or a half-penny? Had they done so, they would have reduced the circulation from 80,000 to 20,000 copies; and then the question of composition, of authorship, and other expenses, would have become important. They (the Messrs. Chambers) started another publication, a halfpenny dearer in price, and the circulation was at present from 20,000 to 30,000 copies. On this they expended about 12,000*l.* per annum, and the duty paid to the Government from it was 800*l.* per annum—the same amount that was paid as a remuneration to authors. This publication paid its expenses, and a little over; but, on the whole, it was not worth the expense of carrying on. Last week, they announced its discontinuance, the Government having taken near 2,000*l.* from it. They had had communications from Boston, in the United States, with orders to discontinue furnishing copies of the work, as the publishers in America were about there to print it on paper that paid no duty—the Americans thus getting all the authorship for nothing, and circulating the work on untaxed paper throughout the States, and even in our British possessions on the other side the Atlantic.'

From such statements as these the reader will deduce this important conclusion, that the paper-duty chiefly operates to suppress cheap literature,—that is, to prevent the circulation of useful knowledge among the great mass of the people; and how nearly this impost amounts in such cases to a prohibition, may be learned from the fact, that one of the most sagacious men of business in the book-trade was obliged to give up a penny publication, with a regular sale of 80,000, solely because the profits of the work accrued to the excise instead of the proprietor.

And this leads us to expose a very short-sighted argument, which has frequently been used to justify the maintenance of this pernicious impost. 'Only weigh these volumes,' says the lounging and beardless legislator, placing his hand upon Lady Blessington's 'Country Quarters,' 'they cost half-a-guinea a-piece, and only pay a duty of three halfpence a pound. Why, if it were a bishop's theology, instead of the wit of the charming Countess, it would not weigh more than two pounds; so that this much-abused tax is just three-pence in a guinea.' Let us weigh the logic of the ingenuous youth in the balance of the following table, which strikingly exhibits the contrast which prevails throughout our financial system, between the imposts levied upon the luxuries of the rich and on the necessities of the poor:—

Title of Work.	Number Printed.	Sheets.	Total of Duty.	Rate of Duty per Ct.
Modern Novels, 3 vols. . . .	1,000	36	£10	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
Macaulay's History, 2 vols. . .	35,000	88	930	2 $\frac{1}{2}$
National Cyclopædia, 12 vols. .	20,000	381	2,040	7
Penny Cyclopædia, 25 vols. . .	1,000	970	436	7 $\frac{1}{4}$
Household Words, 1 vol. . . .	50,000	26	605	8 $\frac{1}{3}$
Half-hours, complete	20,000	52	416	10
Working Man's Friend, 1 vol. .	100,000	13	426	12
Chambers' Papers, 1 vol. . . .	40,000	8	133	16
Catalogue of the Exhibition . .	500,000	20	2,750	17

If we were to form an opinion solely from an inspection of this table, we should conclude that useful knowledge was a contraband article, to be excluded from the country by prohibitory duties; for it is scarcely too much to affirm, that they increase in the ratio of the real value of the book, and decrease in the ratio of its cost. What fractional expression would designate the precise value of some of the works included under the first head of the table? Yet a volume of Chambers's instructive 'Papers' is burdened with an impost *sixteen times* as heavy as that which lies on the most worthless and demoralizing novel! And this duty, originally granted by the Commons of Great Britain, amidst the emergencies of war, and continued through that period of our history during which the bulk of our national debt was contracted, is now, after thirty-five years of nearly uninterrupted peace, obstinately maintained by a government whose Premier fought in the van of the 'Society for the Diffusion of USEFUL KNOWLEDGE!'

But, perhaps, we shall show the mischievous incidence of this tax in a clearer light if we exhibit another table, constructed by Mr. Charles Knight, and published in his pamphlet, entitled, 'The Case of the Authors,' &c. In this diagram the author shows the cost of the production of a large octavo volume, arranging the expenses under two heads, those that are divisible and those that are recurrent. By the divisible, it will be perceived that Mr. Knight intends those charges which are incurred by the production of a single copy, and which become less and less per copy in proportion to the number sold; while the recurrent charges remain the same upon every copy, and, consequently, multiply in exact proportion to the amount of the circulation. Here is Mr. Knight's diagram—

The argument which Mr. Knight founds upon these facts is this:—With the craving for extreme cheapness amidst the great body of book-buyers, and with the growing appreciation of what is really excellent in literature—of what is clear, condensed, imaginative, earnest, benevolent—what prevents our having the noblest popular literature in the world? The inroads upon the labour-fund out of which the best authorship is to be supported. The state which enacts a paper-duty, and thus robs the capital which would otherwise go to the remuneration of literary industry, is the power which denies the popular writer his maintenance, or abridges his profits and limits his fame. The diagram develops this principle—that the authorship is the only item amongst the original expenses of a book of which the rate of payment may greatly vary. The paper-duty is the only item of the recurrent expenses which is capable of being saved without lowering the quality or limiting the sale of a book. The authorship and the paper-duty are, therefore, essentially antagonistic. The case which it is the design of Mr. Knight's pamphlet to make out is the following:—

‘1. That the tax presses most unequally upon the fund for the remuneration of those who are labouring for the instruction and amusement of the people.

‘2. That this tax, which in its effects upon cheap literature is excessive, operates against the extension of the best English authorship, and interferes with the improvement of all the productions of the press.

‘3. That it diminishes the author's profit to the lowest point; and substitutes for useful English works invasions of foreign copyrights, or encourages the production of inferior and injurious works by unskilled labourers in literature.’

This last proposition leads us to the refutation of another argument urged in favour of the paper-duty, namely, that it operates as a check on the lowest and most pernicious class of publications. It is easy to demonstrate that, so far from this, it tends to foster them, while it protects them from that competition by which they would inevitably be defeated. If a work could be produced without the expense of authorship, pictorial illustration, and advertisement, it could just afford to pay the paper-duty and retain a profit sufficient to justify its continuance. The combined pressure of these expenses, however, with the tax, is the destruction of all literature that is at once cheap and valuable. But what is its effect upon the lowest class of publications? They require nothing that deserves the name of authorship. Such translations from French novels as they contain might be made by a nursemaid or a journeyman. A dead wall would publish the advertisement without the duty; and the youngest apprentice of

a wood-cutter would supply the illustrations for a sum upon which he might twice a-week luxuriate in the gallery of a minor theatre. Thus the lowest publications can afford not only to pay the duty, but even to suffer an occasional confiscation of their stock; while a higher class of publications, unable to compete with them, retire from the market, and leave them to the full enjoyment of their fetid monopoly.

Our observations, hitherto, have only exhibited the effect upon publishers, authors, and readers. We will now view it in its financial aspect, and in its bearing upon the paper manufacture. Paper is not so much a finished article as it is a material of manufacture; and, next to the almost worthless canvass and pigments which fetch their thousands of pounds in the form of a Titian or a Correggio, there is no better instance than paper of the value with which the human mind can invest the lowest forms of matter. It has now become the professed policy of our fiscal administration to leave the materials of manufacture free from taxation. It is many years since the committee of the House of Commons, of which Sir Henry Parnell was the chairman, in this wise spirit recommended for immediate abolition the taxes on leather, paper, and glass. The first and last of these have been emancipated from their restrictions. The most important of them all still groans under the tyranny of the Board of Excise. If anything more than general principles, and the public experience of the effect of the remission of duties on other articles of general consumption, were necessary, we might find it in the financial history of paper itself. In the year 1836 the duty on paper was reduced from threepence to three-halfpence per pound; and the consequence of this alteration was an increased consumption of the article amounting to no less than eighty per cent. What, then, might not be expected in increased production, and, consequently, increased employment, circulation of money, and consumption of exciseable articles, to say nothing of the diminution of pauperism and poor-rates, if this enormous blunder were altogether corrected?

But if, in other departments of production, it has been the policy of government to release the raw material from duty, on the ground that it restricts employment and cripples trade, how much more urgently does the same motive press the abolition of the duty on paper. For in other cases, the incidence of the tax is partly upon labour, and partly upon material; but this impost is literally upon labour only. For what is the history of this most important article? It begins in refuse whose only occupation has been gone ever since the lucifer superseded the tinder-box; it ends in the bank-note, the engraving of Landseer, and the volume that enchants an age or renovates a world. Between

the rags of the wallet, and that panacea which regales the monarch, inspires the student, and gives dignity to destitution, nothing but labour intervenes; *its* magic only effects the miracle; and while effecting it for the highest benefit of man, it is crushed to deformity and torture under the incubus of a barbarous taxation.

It would seem absurd to attribute mere wantonness to the government of such a country as this, or to charge hypocrisy upon our present cabinet in their professions of zeal for the advancement of popular intelligence; but really the facts are almost enough to stagger our candour. The entire amount of revenue derived from paper is only 800,000*l*. The mode in which it is collected involves an expense which we cannot pretend to estimate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer admits it to be $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; but this, we are persuaded, is not even an approximation to the truth. In some of our paper-mills, stands, as they are called, of excisemen, numbering eight to each stand, are employed night and day in watching the process of manufacture on the part of the revenue; while in some no fewer than fourteen are thus engaged. Yet, notwithstanding these precautions, the frauds committed are such as to enrich the smuggler to the ruin of the fair trader, and to stamp the whole system with a character of fatuity. A few firms in Ireland return such an amount of duty compared with the quantity of paper manufactured in that country, as to make it manifest that a large proportion of the commodity produced in Ireland is smuggled into the market without paying any duty at all. Many of the manufactories are situated on the sides of hills; and from these the government spy can be descried long before he enters the mill. This arrangement affords a fine scope for the characteristic cunning of the Irish labourer; to adapt the language of Mr. Burke, 'they augur *taxation* at a distance, and snuff the approach of an *exciseman* in every tainted breeze.'

All the efforts of the principal paper manufacturers in England to obtain a return of the convictions and compromises for the frauds thus committed in the United Kingdom have been fruitless; indeed, the Government dare not disclose them, as such a disclosure would attach to the impost such a demoralizing character that it would be at once swept away by a blast of universal odium. All that we can attempt, therefore, is to arrive at an approximation to the truth.* A document which was published last year, by authority of the House of Commons, contained the names of a considerable number of fraudulent manufacturers, of whom some had been heavily fined, some

* See Mr. Crompton's Excise Duty on Paper, &c. &c.

imprisoned, and in other cases compromises had been made, or the offenders had absconded. Opposed to competition such as this, the fair and honest trader has no alternative but absolute ruin, and such are the facilities for fraud arising out of this tax, and the mode in which it is levied, that the temptation to act dishonestly becomes almost irresistible. The excise duty on the lower descriptions of paper amounts, in some cases, to as much as 120 per cent. on the cost of production; and as is well known to every practical manufacturer, the evasion of this duty is so easy that, provided the officer of excise is in collusion with the manufacturer, it amounts almost to impossibility of detection. Nor is the improbability of this collusion so great as may be imagined, even without unnecessarily impugning the general character of the excise officers. Look at the position of one of these men, who, with a net salary of certainly not more than thirty shillings a week, has to be the guardian of the revenue, which, in some individual cases, amounts to 20,000*l.* a-year, and when a present of 50*l.* may secure the object and add so much to the resources of each party, it is not difficult to see that such a temptation to a fraud, both upon the revenue and the honest trader, may break down the moral probity of the trader and the excise officer. It is a temptation to which no man ought to be exposed, and which is the greater in this case from the largeness of the gain to be derived, and the facilities for successfully carrying it out.

We are indebted to Mr. Crompton, one of our first paper manufacturers, for the following startling, but unquestionable facts:—

‘All who were present,’ said he, (we quote the report of his speech at a recent meeting of the trade) ‘knew that from year to year frauds were increasing. Last year he had with great difficulty procured a document from the Government, telling how many fraudulent traders had been detected from the year 1840 to 1848. He had endeavoured also, but in vain, to get from the Chancellor of the Exchequer a return of the mills at work and closed, but had failed, on the plea that it was not thought desirable to give such a return to any one. What might be the motive of the Board of Excise in refusing that return, he could not say; but the association of paper manufacturers in Lancashire were not afraid of publicity. They said, by all means let us have the return. They paid one-fourth of the whole paper duty, and they had again requested it, but Mr. Wood, the chairman of the board, had made them no reply. He could only suppose that the refusal arose from a conviction that the proportionate amount of convictions for fraud were so great, that the authorities were afraid of horrifying the public with the revelation. He would, however, take the mills in the United Kingdom at 600, and the return he had obtained showed that in England there had been forty-three convictions, in Scotland nine,

and in Ireland thirty, which would amount to about fifteen per cent. on the number of mills. How could any trade flourish with such a number of fraudulent men connected with it? The total amount of penalties levied for these frauds was 10,671*l.* The amount received had been, for England—compromises, 444*l.*; full penalties, 3,525*l.*; Scotland—compromises, 16*l.*; penalties, 200*l.* The penalties levied in Ireland were 3,947*l.* The amount of compromises was 72*l.*; the amount received 1,384*l.* He said, if it was nothing else but the morals of the country, a tax which led to such results ought to be repealed. The tax of 120 per cent. on the cost price was a temptation to the trade. On the value of the raw material employed, in many cases, it was not less than 600 per cent., while the raw material of every other manufacture in the country was free. Sir Robert Peel was of opinion that the tax of five or eight per cent. on raw cotton was so injurious to the manufacturers that he repealed it. To that measure he had no objection, but the paper manufacturers were the scavengers of the cotton mills; they took the refuse of those mills, amounting to perhaps one-fifth of the whole, and while the best portion was free, they were compelled to pay a duty of 300 per cent. on the refuse.'

From Mr. Smith, again, the chairman of a similar meeting, recently held at Leeds, we gain the following facts:—

'He adverted,' says the report, 'to the frauds on the revenue which, notwithstanding the vigilance of the revenue officers, are perpetrated by certain paper-makers in Ireland, who, by collusion with parties to whom they send paper, get back the stamped labels, and use them a second time. These fraudulent parties were frequently found selling paper for less than it cost the honest manufacturer to make it, and they were of course afraid of the duty being repealed. One Irish paper-maker had said he never paid more than half the duty, and before he would do so he would allow his mill to be shut up.—Mr. Crompton said he had it from the Government officers themselves that fourteen policemen and two revenue officers were attending one mill in the neighbourhood of Dublin.'

We pass now from the bearing of this tax upon the Exchequer, and the morals of the manufacturer and his workmen, to the vexation and loss inflicted by the mode of its assessment upon the honest producer, and in doing so we will rely upon the vital importance of the question to excuse a somewhat extended detail of facts. We quote again from that most zealous advocate of the repeal of the taxes on knowledge, Mr. Crompton. We feel that we are almost taxing the faith of our readers in laying before them the facts which Mr. Crompton asserts on the guarantee of his personal experience.

At a conference of gentlemen interested in the abolition of the tax on paper, held at the King's Arms, Palace-yard, Westminster, on the 29th of January last, Mr. Crompton is reported to have made the following observations:—

'He would now briefly narrate some of the difficulties to which the

paper-manufacturer was liable. After erecting the necessary premises, he must give notice to the Excise, and enter in a schedule the number of rooms and every particular; he must number every vat and every other article employed in the manufacture. The Government officer then comes down to inspect the whole, and take an exact account of it; and all this being done to the satisfaction of the officer, a license is granted. He must then make up every article, not with such modifications as his judgment or his skill may suggest, but according to the mode described in the Act of Parliament. True, some of these were not much attended to, and evasions were frequent. He himself had told the officer that some of the requirements were so vexatious that he could not abide by them. The officer replied, that he had reported the fact; but the board were so conscious of the unreasonable and arbitrary character of those particulars, that they had shut their eyes, and he had heard nothing more of it. The truth was, he had been forty years in the trade, and the board reasonably assumed that he would not do anything dishonest. To return to his sketch. Having made the paper, the next thing would be to provide a sufficient number of clerks to receive labels, containing an accurate account of the sheets in each parcel, and their weight. Then he must apply to the officer of excise for labels, which, formerly, he was not allowed to affix himself. These labels were small pieces of paper, something like bank notes. These were entrusted to a man employed at 1*l.* a-week for the purpose, and the loss of any of them subjected the paper-maker to a penalty of 10*l.* for each. The paper is now ready to go to the market, but it is detained until the officer has weighed it, and tested the accuracy of the labels. But the Government will not trust its own officer, lest there should be a collusion between him and the manufacturer, and so it has to remain twenty-four hours on the premises until it has been checked by a supervisor. This operation takes up time, and that and other hindrances which frequently occur may make it fifty-eight hours after it is ready before the article can be sent off the premises to the market. Supposing, however, it happens that Sunday intervenes, and the maker not liking his men to be weighing on that day with the supervisor, another twenty-four hours' delay is required, and thus, then, it may be eighty-two hours before the article can leave the premises. But even then it is not free from the surveillance of the Excise, for an open book—open to all the workmen, and by which the officer could, if he chose, hand over all his trade to a rival manufacturer—must be kept in the premises, stating to whom and by what conveyance the goods were sent away; and if any mistake should arise in those statements, the whole is liable to be seized and condemned. These were some of the difficulties under which the poor paper-maker had to labour, and to which no other trade in the kingdom, on which there was no excise, was subject. He must now say a word with respect to the way in which the customers of the paper-maker were affected by this tax, and especially by its inequalities. The consumers of the low qualities, such as wrapping papers, consumed each from 500*l.* to 3,000*l.* worth per annum. Those papers were taxed at from 40 to 50 per cent., and it was marvellous how little the public were aware of it. He asked a gentleman the other day, who took

from him 1,000*l.* worth per annum, what he supposed was the amount of taxation on that article. At a guess, he replied, perhaps 5*l.* per cent., and was quite surprised when he demonstrated to him that it was little short of 50 per cent. But worse than that, he had orders sent from the continent for the same identical paper, on which for exportation the tax was remitted in the shape of drawback, to wrap up foreign goods, to be sent into this country, and sold as English, to the great detriment of the home producer.'

By the fifteenth section of the act of 1839, which is now in force, a period of forty-eight, and, in some instances, of eighty-two hours is thus consumed after paper is ready for delivery into the market. This time would be sufficient, Mr. Crompton says, for him to purchase the rags in Manchester, carry them to his mill at Farnworth, manufacture them into paper, and convey the article ready for the market to any part of the kingdom. This could no doubt be done were it not for the excise regulations. We next present a different aspect of the losses and vexations to which the manufacturer of paper is subject, and on this point we will cite the evidence of Mr. Baldwin, of Birmingham:—'It costs me,' he says, 'above 100*l.* per annum to help to charge myself with the duty on paper; I make about twelve tons a week, and, in consequence of these excise laws, have to weigh every ream four times over, besides taking the number of every ream and writing the name on each.' The Association for the Abolition of the Duty on Paper, have pointed out another inconvenience to which some branches of the trade are subject, and of which Mr. Baldwin furnishes an example. He manufactures, mainly for exportation, an article commonly known as gun-wadding. This is made at his mill, but the excise laws will not permit him to cut it up at the place of manufacture. He is compelled to comply with the Act of Parliament, and keep another establishment at a distance of one mile from his mill, and at an expense of 150*l.* per annum, to prepare it for the market. This regulation is enforced in other instances, especially upon those who manufacture jacquard boards: an article which is now extensively used in the fancy weaving. The makers have to keep separate establishments for making the board and for cutting it up into the sizes ready for use. The price is greatly increased by this absurd regulation. A recent case of extreme hardship, arising out of the restrictions laid upon loom-weavers, deserves to be mentioned, and will be read, we think, with much surprise. Mr. Keen, of Paisley, resolved to compete in the great Exhibition, now about to be opened, in the article of shawl manufacture, and applied to the Lords of the Treasury for a drawback of the excise duty chargeable on the card boards necessary to be used in the preparation

of his designs. The cost of these boards, duty included, but exclusive of the cost of preparation, would be 270*l.*, of which the duty amounts to no less than 92*l.* 15*s.*, a charge from which his foreign competitors are entirely exempt. *His application was refused.*

We return to the evidence of Mr. Baldwin. He states that in the single article of gun-wadding he could export three times the quantity he is able to do now, were it not for the duty; and would be able to employ 500 more hands within twelve months after the repeal shall have taken place. The paper duty amounts to 15*l.* per ton, and the greater amount of paper manufactured sells wholesale for about 35*l.* per ton; so that pretty nearly one half of the cost is in consequence of the duty. Mr. Baldwin gives his own case:—During the last year he manufactured paper to the value of 24,000*l.*, and paid in duty 9,640*l.* There are merchants in Birmingham who use 20 tons of paper annually in wrapping their goods, so that the tax upon them is about 300*l.* per annum. Then, again, the tax operates as a premium to foreign manufacturers of paper, and articles made from paper or pasteboard. In Paris there are not less than thirty thousand females employed in the fancy box trade. Ornamental and fancy articles are sent into the British ports, and thence into the British colonies, free of duty, thus superseding the home manufactories, and it has been shown that paper boxes can be imported from Paris, and after paying the import duty undersell those made in London. Take, again, the article of steel pens. In consequence of the duty, the paper on which the pens are mounted is more costly than the article itself. Of this circumstance the French avail themselves. They import the pens, mount them on their own untaxed paper, and can thus successfully compete with Birmingham in its own article in the European and Colonial markets.

The facility with which that paper which pays duty may be imitated by that which does not, is another aspect of this question which deserves attention, involving, as it must, great loss and disadvantage to the fair trader. This was illustrated by Mr. Cowan, M.P., at a meeting held at the London Tavern, on the 4th of January. He exhibited a sample of pasteboard made from straw, which, from the material having to be made into pulp, was considered paper. The cost of the material was 2*s.* per cwt., and the duty upon it, when made into paper, was 14*s.* 9*d.* He presented another article, very similar to millboard, but stated his ignorance of the material from which it was manufactured. It was made *in the dry state*, and was, consequently, not considered paper. Hence it was exempt from duty, and had superseded the article made from straw for all the purposes to

which the former is applicable. Substitutes for paper are continually produced so much like the article itself, that the excise officer cannot detect the difference. Indeed, Mr. Crompton placed two specimens in the hands of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, one of which paid the duty and the other was free, and the minister confessed himself unable to perceive the slightest distinction between them.

From these facts, two inferences, equally condemnatory of this impost, naturally suggest themselves. The first shall be given in the words of the 'Paper-Maker's Letter to Lord John Russell.'

'Another evil,' he says, 'arising from the heavy duty is, that it becomes a matter of no small difficulty, and, indeed, sometimes involves the most ruinous consequences, to attempt any experiments in the way of improving, or of introducing new modes of manufacturing the article. This has lately been sadly realized by a party who started a mill in England some years ago to make paper from *straw*. Well, what was the result? After a few years of anxiety, much ingenious effort, and praiseworthy perseverance, the attempt was given up, the mill closed, and the large capital invested in the business totally lost. Now, the question is, how came this result about, when it is so well known that beautiful papers, fitted for many useful and ornamental purposes, have long been made in France from straw? Surely it will not be said that the skill, the enterprise, or the capital of our English manufacturers are not equal to those of our French neighbours. No; the real solution is obvious. In France there are no heavy duties levied on the article; whereas here, let the article be good or bad as the result of experiment, the heavy duty is levied on all alike; and hence, when an experiment does not fully succeed, the loss in that case in this country becomes very serious. For instance, straw may cost 2*l.* per ton; well, then, a maker may try 100 tons as an experiment, and if it turns out not to be good, his whole risk is on 200*l.* and workmanship; but if, in addition to this, a duty of 15*l.* per ton is charged, the risk is now increased to 1,700*l.* and workmanship—a very different matter indeed, and the difference proved to be a very serious and fatal one, as in the case just alluded to. Depend on it, my lord, manufacturers will not look about them for improved modes of working, or new materials to be worked, so long as to do so involves such fearful risks as the paper duties impose.'—P. 9.

The other inference respects the injury inflicted by this duty on other trading interests. The whole country echoes at this moment with the complaints of the occupiers of land, and her Majesty, in her recent speech, admits their sufferings with expressions of regret. Yet this tax forbids their making a profitable use of the article of straw. The repeal of the duty would occasion a very large demand for that article, and there is no doubt that if the farmer obtained three times its present value

for his straw, the manufacturer would still realize a handsome profit.

We come, in conclusion, to consider the injurious effect of this impost on other trades, and on the material interests of society at large. The number of persons engaged, directly or indirectly, in the paper-trade, are greater beyond all proportion than would be conjectured by simply considering the gross returns of that trade. The number of mills in the United Kingdom does not exceed 500, and the total duty paid is 800,000*l*.

‘This,’ says the paper-maker already quoted, ‘may be taken on an average to represent 20 per cent. of the value of the paper as sold by the maker. This, then, gives us the total value of the paper so sold at 4,000,000*l*. Well, here we have, on the one hand, the small amount of 4,000,000*l*. as the total value of that article; and, on the other, the large number of 160,000 people as dependent for their daily bread on that one branch of business, apparently so trifling in its results. Now, how is this? Just from the fact, that the whole sum (with the exception of the duty) is *distributed in labour*—the material in itself being valueless—*wages and profits* absorbing the whole, intrinsic value being nothing.’—P. 10.

After alluding to the large amount of tonnage in constant transit from the mills to the warehouses, and the number of carters, porters, clerks, and seamen, thus furnished with employment, he continues—

‘Now it appears clear to me that those considerations show that this branch of trade is of great importance to the country; but perhaps to test this value more clearly, it may be worth while to make a supposition of two different cases. Suppose an edict in council put an end to the paper manufacture in this country—why, the total value in money, as we have seen, is only 4,000,000*l*. a-year—a mere trifle when deducted from the mighty sum of this country’s domestic and foreign trade, and such as we might expect, in this view of it, would scarcely be felt—a mere ripple on the surface of the deep; but what, in reality, would be its effects? The forcible ejection of 40,000 people from their labours—the withdrawal in whole or in part of the sustenance of 320,000 of our population—a deep wail of distress from every corner of the country—a fearful augmentation of the poor’s-rates in every parish, and a settled gloom in almost every other branch of trade. Suppose, again, an edict in council to put down or to prohibit the goldsmith and precious-stone trade to the extent of 4,000,000*l*. a-year, what, in that case, would be the result in the labour market? Why, three or four London houses do that extent of business annually, and supposing them shut up and prohibited, the amount of labour thrown out of employment would be the merest trifle, not heard of, nor even felt, in the labour market? And why such a difference in the cases? Simply, because *the total money value of the one is all labour and no intrinsic value*; and in the

other, *the intrinsic value is very large, and the labour value almost nothing.*—P. 11.

To these must be added the trades in connexion with, and dependent on, the paper-trade: stationers, booksellers, and publishers, with all their assistants; printers, with their multitude of compositors and pressmen; type-founders, ink-makers, bookbinders, tool-makers, gold-beaters, leather-merchants, &c. &c.; and, on a moderate calculation, half a million of our countrymen are supported from sources connected with the paper manufacture, and sympathetic with its prosperity or depression. But the question then arises, how many would be employed if the production of paper were unfettered by this oppressive excise? One or two patent facts will help us to an approximation to this result. First, the reduction of the duty from $3\frac{1}{2}d.$ to $1d.$ per pound, produced an increase in the quantity of paper, on which the duty was charged, of no less than 80 per cent. in twelve years, and how much evaded the duty we have given the reader an opportunity of guessing. Add to this another fact, stated at a recent meeting by Mr. Towle, a large manufacturer. After enumerating by name a number of paper-mills in Oxfordshire, which the proprietors had been compelled to close, he declared that he was the only manufacturer now left in that county, and that he should have been also compelled to give up, but for the possession of an independent fortune.

It will be recollected that this manufacture is chiefly carried on in rural districts, and it is computed that the liberation of this department of industry from the fetters of excise would employ in these districts fifty thousand additional unskilled labourers, while the impetus given to collateral trades would be such as to furnish employment to no fewer than half a million additional hands. It should be remembered that many of these would be women and children, and that those employed in paper-mills would be engaged in a light and healthful occupation, while even old and infirm women are found in such establishments earning five or six shillings a week by sorting rags. The diminution thus occasioned in the amount of poor-rates would be a most seasonable relief to the agricultural interest. The undue pressure of this impost constitutes another powerful reason for its abolition. For example—A ream of brown paper will weigh seventeen pounds, and the duty upon it will amount to $2s. 2d.$, while its intrinsic value is only $3s. 8d.$, making the excise duty equivalent to 70 per cent. A ream of writing paper weighing the same as the brown, will be charged with the same amount of duty, while its intrinsic cost is $17s. 6d.$; thus the duty upon the comparative luxury is only 15 per cent., while the tax upon the article of necessity is no less than 70 per cent.

Here we finish our case. We have exposed, on unquestionable testimony, the various and oppressive evils inseparable from an excise duty on paper, and the still more various benefits which would flow from its removal, and we appeal to every reader whether the obstinate persistence of the Government in maintaining so flagrant a tax for the sake of so insignificant a return, can be attributed to any other cause than that callous insensibility to injustice which alone can account for the recently-expressed determination of the same Government to reimpose the Income-tax, marked, as it is, by all those features of injustice and oppression which render it infamous in the eyes of every honest man.

Brief Notices.

1. *Our State-church: in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.*
2. *A Model Law.* London: British Anti-state-church Association.

THE publication scheme lately announced by the Anti-state-church Association has our most hearty approval, and will, we hope, be carried out to a thoroughly successful issue. Our school literature has long needed revision, and we know no better service that can be rendered to truth and liberty than the accomplishment of so desirable an end. This has now, happily, been undertaken in good earnest, and we shall gladly avail ourselves of every opportunity which occurs to report our judgment on the progress made towards its accomplishment. In the meantime, we are glad to introduce to our readers the two publications standing at the head of this notice. The first, entitled '*Our State-church*,' consists of four tracts, which embody a much larger amount of information respecting the revenues and administration of our State-churches than can elsewhere be found within similar limits. The preparation of these tracts must have been a work of vast labor. Their authors have evidently spared no pains to render them complete, while the marks of scrupulous exactness entitle them to confidence. We strongly recommend their perusal to all classes. Churchmen as well as Dissenters should examine them, and we are greatly mistaken if the former, equally with the latter, will not be much surprised at the disclosures they make. They are published at the low price of one shilling, and contain the essence of many bulky folios.

The second is admirably suited to meet an inquiry frequently propounded. '*What is meant*,' we are often asked, '*by a separation of the Church from the State, and how can it be effected?*' In reply, we point to the '*Model Law*,' which, in fact, is nothing more nor less

than 'An Act for establishing Religious Freedom, passed in the Assembly of Virginia (U.S.), in the year 1786.' This statute is very brief, but its terms are clear, and its object is well defined. Its purpose is obvious, and for that purpose it is complete. The Society is entitled to thanks for having brought this law to light, and we recommend our readers to obtain a copy of it, and to expose it in some prominent position so that it may serve to familiarize their friends with the practicability of what is commonly deemed Utopian. We wish every one of our senators could be induced to read and ponder over this 'Model Law.' The society has very wisely printed the *Act* in a very neat style. It is mounted on a roller and varnished; so that it may be suspended like an ornament. The price is only ninepence.

The Kickleburys on the Rhine. By M. A. Titmarsh. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1851.

A PLEASANT book for a Christmas evening. It is a happy exposure of the hollownesses and littlenesses which have been so prevalent among our aristocracy, but are now, we would fain hope, going out of fashion. Lady Kicklebury is a type of a class that still exists, though rapidly disappearing, and soon to be numbered among the things that were. The book abounds with sprightly passages and humorous sallies; but, as a whole, seems to be wanting in pith and point. The Prefatory Essay on Thunder and Small Beer is very clever. There is a broader humour and deeper wit in that preface than in the tale itself. The illustrations are generally very spirited. The following passage will be read with a truly sympathetic eye by many of our readers:—'The married Briton on a tour is but a luggage overseer: his luggage is his morning thought and his nightly terror. When he floats along the Rhine, he has one eye on a ruin, and the other on his luggage. When he is in the railroad, he is always thinking, or ordered by his wife to think, "Is the luggage safe?" It clings round him. It never leaves him (except when it *does* leave him, as a trunk or two will, and make him doubly miserable). His carpet-bags lie on his chest at night, and his wife's forgotten bandbox haunts his turbid dreams.'

The King of the Golden River; or, The Black Brothers: a Legend of Styria. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1851.

A MOST fascinating fairy tale, beautifully got up, and characteristically illustrated by Richard Doyle. We were almost content to become children again, and read it with a child's unsuspecting faith in the actual existence of fairies, dwarfs, and river-kings. And this King of the Golden River teaches lessons which a child cannot learn too early, or feel too deeply. The moral of the tale is excellent. Selfishness is shown to be its own greatest enemy, and self-sacrifice its own reward. 'And thus the treasure-valley became a garden again, and the inheritance, which had been lost by cruelty, was regained by love.'

An Analysis and Summary of Thucydides, with a Chronological Table of Principal Events, Money, Distances, &c.—a Skeleton Outline of the Geography, Abstract of all the Speeches, &c. By the Author of an Analysis and Summary of Herodotus. Oxford: Wheeler.

THIS title-page will sufficiently explain the sort of book we have here; a perfect messenger from the gods to gentlemen 'cramming' for their examinations, but capable of being used, and that with great advantage, by students of a higher class. It is clear, correct, complete; a full summary of all the aid needed in the study of the historian to whom it refers.

Common Sense versus Common Law. By William Massey, Barrister. London: Longman and Co.

MR. MASSEY seeks to reconcile the two terms of the portentous antithesis on his title-page; and his book will, no doubt, do something in aid of the rising movement for law reform. The author's great point is the system of special pleading, against which he wages war to the knife. The subject is an important one; and we recommend this volume as a clever, clear statement of the absurdities and vexations of our common law, in chronological order, from the writ of summons downwards.

Review of the Month.

THE session of 1851 was opened, by her Majesty in person, on the 4th of last month. The royal speech, like all royal speeches, was vague and general. No reflecting man expected it to be otherwise. It was designed to conceal, rather than disclose, the intentions of its framers, and, so long as it is deemed expedient to maintain the appearance of unity where none really exists, such speeches cannot well do otherwise. In our simplicity, we imagine that it would be better—more dignified and truthful—to avoid all reference to disputed topics, or, at least, to restrict the *Address* to a simple expression of loyalty, coupled, it may be, with an opinion on points, if such there be, on which the House is agreed. We conclude, however—as in all duty bound—that there are reasons of State, which justify and call for this annual mystification. One thing is certain—no mortal is deceived by the illusion. Every one sees through it, while few have sagacity enough to discern a worthy end in all this delusive by-play. The reference contained in the royal speech to the recent measure of the Pope, and to the excitement it has occasioned, was similar to the replies given to many of the addresses which have been presented to the Queen. As matter of historic interest we give it entire:—

'The recent assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles conferred by

a foreign power has excited strong feelings in this country, and large bodies of my subjects have presented addresses to me, expressing their attachment to the throne, and praying that such assumptions should be resisted. I have assured them of my resolution to maintain the rights of my crown and the independence of the nation against all encroachment, from whatever quarter it may proceed. I have, at the same time, expressed my earnest desire and firm determination, under God's blessing, to maintain unimpaired the religious liberty which is so justly prized by the people of this country.

'It will be for you to consider the measure which will be laid before you on this subject.'

To the Speech, from which this passage is taken, an *Address* in reply was moved in both Houses. That of the Commons was seconded by Mr. Peto, an open and avowed Dissenter. The fact is notable as a sign of the times—a pleasing indication of the progress of public sentiment. It forms, so far as our knowledge extends, the first instance of an avowed Dissenter occupying such a position, and in the present circumstances of the country was both expedient and praiseworthy. It is of more moment to remark, that the manner in which the member for Norwich discharged his trust was eminently honorable to himself, and to the Nonconformist body. It is not within our province to refer to the more general points of his speech. We have to do only with his allusion to ecclesiastical matters, than which it would be difficult to imagine anything more calm in its tone, more unobjectionable in the policy advocated, or more earnest in its spirit. Such as object *in toto* to Parliamentary interference, will, of course, take exception to Mr. Peto's speech, but those who advocate such interference will readily acknowledge that it avoided, on the one hand, the admission of legislative enactments in *spiritual* matters, and, on the other, an insensibility to the danger which threatens national freedom from the Papacy. For ourselves, we confess, this constituted the glory of the speech, and we shall be glad to find the same happy medium observed by other members, who are far more boastful of their allegiance to religious liberty. Of the speech of Mr. Roebuck, who instantly followed, we will say no more than that it is correctly described by 'Punch,' as 'a quibbling, crotchety, and disingenuous speech.' We would rather have the member for Sheffield as an opponent than a friend. In the former case he may snarl, vituperate, and falsify; charge us with the worst possible motives, and magnify himself as the embodiment of patriotism and sagacity; but in the latter he will offend by his spleen and vanity, will engender and foment division among friends, will irritate opponents by his waspish temper, and utterly fail to conciliate the ally whom it may be his avowed policy to serve. The *Address* was carried without a division, the real struggle being reserved till the Premier should introduce his promised measure.

This was done on the 7th,—at least the Premier then moved for leave to bring in a bill to prevent the assumption of certain ecclesiastical titles in respect of places in the United Kingdom. The debate on this preliminary vote was adjourned three times, but was at length concluded on the 14th, when leave was granted by a majority of 395 to

63. As the bill was not yet before the House, and its provisions were, in consequence, only partially known, it could not but happen that much of the talk of honorable members was irrelevant. The whole discussion was, in fact, premature, though under the exciting circumstances of the case we do not wonder at the course pursued. So far as the nature of the bill was gathered from the speech of Lord John Russell, it failed to satisfy the House. This was undoubted, and several members expressed surprise and regret. Messrs. Roebuck, Bright, and Gibson, condemned the measure as an abandonment of the course which had constituted the glory of the Premier's life; but others, who were equally alive to the protection of religious liberty, were disappointed at what they deemed the inadequacy of the measure to the case which had arisen. There was a want of proportion between his lordship's speech and bill, and of the two they preferred the former. In this preference we agree, unless, indeed, the subsequent explanation of the Attorney-General be admitted. There was a strange, and under the circumstances of the case, we must say, a suspicious, avoidance in his lordship's speech of reference to 'the mummeries of superstition' practised in his own Church, and which he had so emphatically condemned in his letter to the Bishop of Durham. For this omission we see no fair or honorable reason. If it were prompted by a desire to conciliate the Puseyite clergy, it will certainly fail—as it ought to do—for his lordship had already sinned beyond forgiveness. On the other hand, it involves his procedure in doubt, and must diminish the confidence of his countrymen in the purity of the Protestant zeal he has expressed. It is in vain to fulminate against the Popery of Rome, if that of the English Church be permitted. The latter is more dangerous than the former, and as the avowed champion of *Protestant England*, Lord John was under special obligation to denounce it. The silence of his speech contrasts singularly with the outspoken condemnation of his letter.

We are glad to find that his lordship at once admitted the inconsistency of his measure with some statements which he formerly made. It was manly and honorable to do so. 'I am not about,' he replied to the taunts of Mr. Disraeli, 'to say that these declarations, amounting to this, that I thought it childish and puerile to prevent the assumption of titles held by bishops of our own Church—I am not about to say that this is consistent with the opinions which I hold now. Whatever may have formerly been my confidence with respect to the conduct of the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics—whatever may have been my confidence with respect to the conduct of the people—I have found since that time that confidence was misplaced. And I have thought it better clearly and plainly to avow, that I was mistaken in the opinions I had formed.'

There was a discrepancy between the showing of the Premier and of the Attorney-General. The former limited his measure—such was the impression made—to a prohibition of the assumption by Roman Catholics of territorial titles within the United Kingdom, rendering null and void all acts done by any parties under such title, and declaring all bequests made to them to be forfeited to the Crown. The Attorney-General, on the other hand, affirmed that the bill, 'if,

as he believed, it would effectually prevent persons from assuming these titles, it would as effectually *prevent the existence of any of these dioceses or sees.*' . . . 'It had been said,' he added, 'by the hon. member for Bucks, that the bill would not interfere with synodical action. He differed with the hon. gentleman on that point. He thought, on the contrary, *that interference with synodical action was the necessary consequence*, and that the hon. member himself would, on mature consideration, see that it was so. It was undoubtedly desirable, if they could, to effect that object in the most quiet way,' but *if it were done effectually*, that was all they ought to seek to do.' Which of these versions is the correct one? Are we to accept the Premier or the law-officer of the Crown as the exponent of the government measure? Thousands are perplexed by this inquiry, and something should be done promptly to clear away the mystery. The statements of Sir John Romilly are entitled to the more weight as they were formally introduced, with the avowed purpose of explaining 'the general scope and effect of the measure;' and that, too, on the ground that the observations of the Premier 'had not been fully understood.' We have reason to believe that the Roman Catholic members were but slightly alarmed on the showing of his lordship, but that their case was very different after the speech of the Attorney-General. We are not surprised at this. It is just what we should have expected. The question, however, recurs—which version is to be received? We say not, that they are incompatible one with the other. They may be consistent; but if so, his lordship must have withheld a portion of the truth, and that the most important and interesting. The public press has generally sided with the Premier, and strong language has been used in denying the soundness of the view given by his colleague.

The bill is now before us. We have had an opportunity of examining it, and will attempt briefly to state the conclusion at which we have arrived. In doing this, we shall borrow assistance from Cardinal Wiseman's *Appeal*. In this pamphlet it is expressly declared that the ordinary form of Papal Government is 'by bishops with *local* titles, that is, by an ecclesiastical hierarchy;' that 'the canon law is inapplicable under vicars-apostolic;' and that 'without a metropolitan and suffragans, a provincial synod was out of the question.' In harmony with these views, it is subsequently stated that the main ground of the application made to the Pope was, 'the absolute necessity of the hierarchy for domestic organization and good government.' If, then, these positions are true—and they are those of Cardinal Wiseman—the explanation of the Attorney-General is not so manifestly erroneous as some have imagined. The Ministerial measure unquestionably prohibits the assumption of *local*, as opposed to *foreign* titles; but if so, then, on the showing of the Cardinal, it prevents the setting up of a Papal hierarchy; and as, in such case, the canon law would, by the theory of the Romish Church, be inapplicable, and as a metropolitan and suffragans would not exist, synodical action could not ensue. The course of thought appears to be briefly this—without territorial or local titles there can be no bishops; and without bishops, no canon law or synodical action. Hence, substantially, as we apprehend, the Attorney-

General concludes that the bill of Lord John will prevent the formation of sees, and *effectually*—for this is his term—interfere with synodical action. Such an operation of the bill does not, it is true, appear on its surface; but our view is confirmed by the remarkable sentence occurring at the close of the extract we have given from Sir J. Romilly's speech. The lawyer points out the tendency and operation of the bill; while the Premier contents himself with stating the direct and obvious import of its clauses.

Assuming, then, our interpretation to be in the main correct, will the measure, we ask, be efficacious? Can we hope by its machinery to compass the end contemplated? To these inquiries we are unable confidently to reply. We have our misgivings, and shall briefly indicate their source. The Attorney-General, it will be observed, speaks only of *interference*. It is true, he affirms that it will be *effectual*, and this, it may be argued, is tantamount to prohibition. But his view is inferential only, and a large door for misapprehension is thus opened. He may be perfectly honest in his conviction that such will be the working of the bill, but we have seen enough of the failure of past predictions, to be exceedingly doubtful on such a point. What has recently occurred in Ireland may well make us incredulous, and we fear, therefore, there is too much truth in the assertion of the *Times*, of the 18th, that 'It is not at all necessary to synodical action, that the bishops forming the synod should assume territorial titles. Witness the Synod of Thurles, in which, with the exception of Paul, Archbishop of Armagh, and John of Tuam, the Fathers were content to style themselves by their surnames.' If this was done in Ireland, what is to prevent a similar meeting in England; and if so, what becomes of the Attorney-General's doctrine of *effectual interference*?

That there has been a violation of law, is clear. We have not been hasty to admit this, but the fact is now placed beyond doubt by Dr. Twiss, whose treatise we have noticed in a former article.* This illegality is not limited to Ireland, and the permissive sanction afforded renders us doubly suspicious of mere inferential legislation.

The subtilty of the Papal Court must also be taken into account in estimating the probabilities of the future. The system has been worked with inimitable skill in all ages. It has accommodated itself to all possible circumstances; has been at one time imperious, and at another supple; sometimes severe in its exactions, and at others most lax; now contending for a name or form, as if they were matters of life and death, and then treating them with neglect and apparent scorn. We cannot, therefore, doubt, but that some mode will be devised of securing synodical action, to a certain extent at least, though territorial titles may be forbidden to Papal dignitaries. Nor should we wish to prevent this. All we seek to guard against is the introduction of a hierarchy which would give to synods, and to the canon law, an authority and binding obligation, not otherwise possessed. Let the clergy of the Papal Church meet—if such be their pleasure—like those of the Free Church of Scotland, the Congregational, Wesleyan, or

* Ultramontaniam.

Baptist bodies, but let them have no hierarchical status which would enable them to work by means of a machinery, the growth of centuries, and which has always been the fatal enemy of freedom, whether civil or religious.

If the question be one of *titles* only, then, according to our repeated statement, we care nothing about it. In such case it lies between the rival hierarchies, and all consistent Dissenters should stand aloof from the contest. We must not permit our Protestantism to minister to the pride and lust of power, already too dominant in the Episcopal State-church. But there is more than this involved. Such, at least, is our grave and solemn conviction, after close attention to the matter, with due regard to all that has been advanced on either side of the case. Let our people but acquiesce in the setting up of this hierarchy, and Rome, with its despot upholders, will triumph, while the friends of liberty throughout Europe, the Mazzinis and the Kosuths, will weep in very bitterness of heart at the prostration of their hopes, and the yet more distant prospect of their country's liberation.

We smile at the charge of being unfaithful to religious liberty, because we refuse to Roman Catholics hierarchical power and action. It is the fact of our sworn allegiance to this good cause which compels such refusal. Let the adherents of the Papacy have the utmost liberty of conscience and worship; let there be no civil disqualification on the ground of religious opinions; let there be freedom of speech and the utmost latitude of spiritual action. For this we contend with an earnestness which yields to no man. What we claim for ourselves we readily cede to our Papal fellow-countrymen. But beyond this we cannot go. More especially are we averse to a hierarchy which, contributing to the power of the clergy, robs the laity of their rightful authority, and builds up a power subversive of national liberty and fiercely hostile to religious tolerance.

Neither must it be supposed that we have faith in legislation because we do not discard it altogether. There are two extremes in this matter, against both of which we would guard. 'Reliance on mere legislative devices' may be avoided, in perfect harmony with the employment of legislation within its legitimate province. We may refuse to *commit* ourselves to the State without proscribing its operation altogether. There are mixed cases, partly religious and partly political, in which conscience and the legislature has each a province, and in reference to which, therefore, both may act. Now, we believe the Roman Catholic to be one of these, and hence it is that we admit the interference of the legislature, so far as we deem the case political, while we sternly resist it in what we regard as the religious department.

Some of our friends are disposed to make light of the canon law, at which we much marvel. A more fearful instrument of tyranny was never framed. Let our countrymen know its character, and they will never permit its introduction. It is futile to allege that the canon law is the rule of the Papal Church, and ought, therefore, to be admitted on the ground of religious liberty. How far such a plea is sound may be learnt from the following description of this law, by the

late Dr. Pye Smith, one of the largest-hearted and most candid men that ever lived, and whose conscientiousness and exact scholarship entitle his judgment to great weight :—

‘ Now that law decrees and enjoins that all heretics (and every person knows that Protestants are deemed to be eminently such) are to be punished, when it *can be done*, by every kind of suffering that the art of man can devise: non-intercourse in trade, or in any way disinheriting, expatriation, loss of property, imprisonment, tortures, death in any form, but chiefly the being burned alive, and barbarous indignities to the dead corpse; that kings or queens, princes, and all persons, even parents, brothers, and children, are held guilty and liable ultimately to the same punishments, if they do not their utmost for the execution of those penalties, or if they screen or support in any way the denounced heretics; that upon the excommunication and other sentence of the ecclesiastical authority being declared, the offenders are to be delivered over to the secular judge, that if the temporal authority refuse or neglect to inflict his part of the punishments, *he shall himself be excommunicated*, with the terrible consequences; and that informers, though accomplices, or convicted of perjury, shall be held valid witnesses.’*

It is of vast importance that the real character of the excitement recently awakened should be correctly understood. Many of the clergy are congratulating themselves on the evidence it affords of the attachment of the nation to the Episcopal Church. We believe nothing of the kind, and are confirmed in our view by the opinion of the Divinity Professor in King’s College, London, who, in a recent work, avows his conviction, ‘ that the movement is entirely a national one; that neither the ecclesiastical nor the theological question occupies more than a very subordinate place indeed in the minds of those who are exclaiming against Papal aggression.’† Whatever may be the momentary effect, we cannot doubt the ultimate tendency, of what is passing before our eyes. Upon the Irish branch of the United Church, the storm will probably first burst. But its strength will not be exhausted there. The dark clouds which are gathering in the heavens portend calamity to institutions nearer home.

In the meantime, we repeat to Dissenters the counsel formerly given, ‘ to maintain their own distinctive principles in their opposition to the Papacy.’ In this consists their safety and their strength. Let this counsel be complied with, and they will at once discharge the duty of the present hour, and be prepared for whatever may await them in the future. Their fidelity to Protestantism now will be a pledge of the faithful discharge of their duty in the coming struggle.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRESS has, of course, engaged the attention of Parliament. It was expected to do so; and, had it been considered without reference to party interests, on its own merits, and with a view, to the welfare of the community, every man would have approved its introduction. We need not say how far this was from being the case.

* Reasons for Protestantism, p. 45.

† Maurice’s Church a Family.

It is impossible to read the debate without perceiving that the *nominal* was not the *real* matter at issue. The distress of the farmer is the pretext on which a defeated party is seeking its own reconstruction, and the recovery of the offices from which it was driven in 1846. That there is considerable distress amongst the occupiers of land is notorious. It was admitted in the Queen's speech, and ought to be fairly and thoroughly investigated. That such distress is attributable to our free-trade policy, and will continue so long as that policy is maintained, is the view of Mr. Disraeli and his supporters. Of this, however, they fail to adduce evidence; and Parliament, sustained by an overwhelming majority of the community, has refused to ratify their judgment. On the 11th of February, Mr. Disraeli, in conformity with the notice he had given, proceeded to move, 'That the severe distress which continues to exist in the United Kingdom among the owners and occupiers of land, renders it the duty of her Majesty's ministers to introduce without delay such measures as may be most effectual for the relief thereof.' The vagueness of this motion was paralleled by that of the mover's speech, which occupied three hours, and embraced every variety of topic that could be crowded into such an oration. Of the ability of the speech there is no question, and the tone which pervaded it was far more moderate than the usual declamations of the speaker. For both these qualities—the vagueness and the moderation—there are obvious reasons. The Papal question, it was well known, had, for a time, induced many Irish members to disavow allegiance to the Ministry; while the pecuniary interests of some landlords might prompt the support of a motion which talked only of relief to distress, though it really meant return to protection. The motion was designedly framed to catch all stragglers, to take advantage of the selfishness, and even to borrow support from the less discreditable interests of individuals. The master-speeches of the debate were those of Sir James Graham and Mr. Cobden. They were both good, the former pre-eminently. 'The motion implied,' said Sir James Graham, referring to commercial freedom, 'though it did not state, an approximation to the reversal of that policy. He objected to it on that ground; but he objected to it also that it was vague, illusory, and presented nothing tangible. . . He thought it his duty to vote against a proposal the certain extent and tendency of which he could not understand.' The numbers on the division were—For the motion, 267, and against it, 281, leaving Ministers with a majority of 14 only. We regret the smallness of this minority, not for the sake of Lord John's administration—for which we care little—but for the sake of the country, and for the farmers especially, among whom it will diffuse vague and most illusory hopes. We have no fear for the issue of the struggle, come when it may; but we are concerned that landlords and farmers should apply themselves at once, and vigorously, to the new state of things about them. Let it be borne in mind that Protection has made no real progress, notwithstanding the smallness of the Ministerial majority. Last year, Mr. Disraeli's motion was supported by 252 against 273, leaving to the Ministry a majority of 21, being only seven more than they had on the morning of the 14th. The defection of twenty-one Irish members, on

the ground of resentment, will much more than account for this difference. The 'Morning Herald' affirms that 'the vote was taken on the question of a re-enactment of import duties, which,' it says, 'large or small, would be a recognition of the rights of the agricultural classes.' The division is consequently represented as having 'confirmed for the hour the free-trade policy, which has thus received a victorious death-blow.' This exultation may befit the columns of a violent partisan paper, but harmonizes very poorly with the exhibition subsequently made in the Lords. It is quite probable that we may have another struggle. The more violent of the Protectionists seem intent on this. Well, let it be. Belonging to the people, we have no fear for their interests; but were we of the privileged order, we would whisper to our compeers, that there may possibly be danger to our exclusive privileges in arousing the British people to a defence of cheap food and fuller employment.

Brief as the session has yet been, the Government has contrived to destroy amongst earnest reformers all solicitude and zeal on its behalf. With an infatuation for which it is difficult to account, they have thrown from them the sympathies of the country, notwithstanding the breakers that are a-head. In reply to the question of Sir Joshua Walmsley, Lord John stated that it was not his intention to propose any extension of the suffrage; and on the 20th, he stoutly opposed Mr. Locke King's motion for leave to bring in a 'bill to make the franchise in counties in England and Wales the same as that in boroughs.' An opportunity was thus afforded, at the eleventh hour, to gain strength and earnestness to his party—but he threw it recklessly from him, and that, too, without advancing the plea of principle. The expediency of reform was admitted; a bill was promised next session; but the time was now inopportune, other measures claimed attention, and the rights of the people and the good working of the Reform Bill were therefore to be postponed. His lordship deserved the defeat which awaited him. Last year his opposition was supported by 159 to 100, but this year he could only muster 52, whilst the number of Mr. Locke King's supporters was still 100. This defeat of Ministers by a majority of 48 is a significant and instructive fact; and if the Premier be wise, he will amend his policy, or retire from office.

The die, however, has been cast. We write on the 22nd, and in the knowledge of what occurred in the House last night. The ill-starred budget, which satisfied no one but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has brought things to a crisis. We had intended to analyze it, but this is no longer necessary. The sooner it is forgotten the better. It is the last of a series of blunders which Sir Charles Wood will ever have the opportunity of making. The endurance of the nation is exhausted, and the member for Halifax may retire—the more speedily the better—to the ease and luxuries of private life.

Arrangements are in the course of being made for the census of 1851, and we are especially desirous of calling attention to two schedules, the importance of which cannot be over-rated. We allude to a return which is now proposed to be obtained of "churches and chapels belonging to the United Church of England and Ire-

land ;" and to another of "places of religious worship not belonging to the Established Church." In the former of these schedules will be shown in what parish or other ecclesiastical division, a church or chapel is situated ; when and under what circumstances it was consecrated or licensed ; if consecrated or licensed since the 1st of January, 1800 ; how and by whom erected—by parliamentary grant, parochial rate, subscription, or private benefaction, &c. ; how endowed, by land, tithe, glebe, pew-rents, fees, &c. ; the number of sittings, free and non-free ; the average number of attendants, and the estimated number on Sunday, March 30th ; also the number of pupils at the Sunday-school. In like manner, the second schedule will exhibit the local and denominational names of every religious building amongst Dissenters and Roman Catholics ; the parish and other district in which it is situated ; when erected ; whether a separate and entire building ; whether used exclusively as a place of worship ; the number of free and other sittings provided ; the average number of attendants on divine service ; and the estimated number on the last Sunday of March, together with the number of Sunday scholars.

We are glad to hear that the officers of the Congregational Union, the London Congregational Board, and the Baptist Congregational Union, heartily approve of this great scheme, and have promised their co-operation. It is also expected that the Wesleyan Methodists will cordially unite in promoting its object amongst their numerous churches.

It is moreover understood, that steps will be taken to obtain the educational statistics of the three kingdoms ; and we may confidently hope, that by official and private zeal directed to this great enterprise, a record of facts will be procured, gathered with care and digested with skill, illustrative of our physical, social, and religious condition, alike useful and interesting to the statesman, the financial reformer, the pastor, the moral instructor, and the private citizen, in a nation, and at an era, the greatest which the world ever beheld.

During the past month, the Nonconformist body has lost one of its brightest ornaments. The personal virtues, exact and profound scholarship, scientific eminence, and generous adherence to whatever was large-hearted and liberal, rendered the name of Dr. Pye Smith a household word amongst us. He has ceased from his labors, and his works follow him. We say no more at present, as we hope, in our next number, to present an ampler retrospect than our space now permits, of the life, principles, and labors of a man pre-eminently worthy of esteem and affection.

We have no heart to turn to foreign politics. In France, the President and the Assembly are still in collision. We have no sympathy with either, and see no hope for the country until other and better men are found to wield its powers. At Dresden, Absolutism is rampant, but as yet little has resulted from its consultations. The cloven-foot, however, is visible, and it becomes our country to be vigilant.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

Researches on Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, &c.; in their Relations to the Vital Force. By Karl Baron Von Reschenbach, P.D. Translated and edited at the express desire of the Author, with a Preface, Notes, and Appendix. by William Gregory, M.D., F.R.S.E. With three Plates, and twenty-three Woodcuts. Parts I. and II.

Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development. By Henry G. Atkinson, F.G.S., and Harriet Martineau.

Two Lectures on the Poetry of Pope, and on his own Travels in America. By the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle. Delivered to the Leeds Mechanics Institution and Literary Society, December 5th and 6th, 1850. Revised and corrected by the Author.

The Introduction of the English Bible and its Consequences. Illustrative of the paramount duty and imperative obligation of British Christians to other Nations, in the present eventful period.

Domestic Fowl, and Ornamental Poultry. By H. D. Richardson.

Cautions for the Times; addressed to the Parishioners of a Parish in England. By their former Friend. To be published occasionally.

The Family Almanack, and Educational Register for 1851, containing a List of the Foundation and Grammar Schools in England and Wales, together with the Scholarships and Exhibitions attached to them. To be published annually.

Southey's Common Place Book. Fourth Series, Original Memoranda, &c. Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D.

Biblical Commentary on St. Paul's 1st and 2nd Epistles to the Corinthians. By Hermann Olshausen, D.D. Translated from the German; with Additional Notes. By the Rev. John Edmund Cox, M.A., F.S.A, Vicar of St. Helens, Bishopsgate, London.

Reflections arising out of the Papal Aggression for the Consideration of the Church, Laity, and Parliament. With Comments on the Dispute between the Rev. W. J. E. Bennett, and the Bishop of London. By a Simple Protestant.

The Poet of the Sanctuary. A Centenary Commemoration of the Labours and Services, Literary and Devotional, of the Rev. Isaac Watts, D.D. Preceded by Remarks on the Origin of Psalmody and Christian Hymnology in earlier times. By Josiah Conder.

Fragments of College and Pastoral Life. A Memoir of the late Rev. John Clark, of Glasgow; with Selections from his Essays, Lectures, and Sermons. By the Rev. John Cairns, A.M.

Comfortable Words for Christian Parents bereaved of Little Children. By John Brown, D.D., Edinburgh.

A Voice from the North. An Appeal to the Catholics of the Church of England, in behalf of their Church. By S. B. Harper, Priest. No. IV.

Dahomey and the Dahomans. Being the Journals of Two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence at his Capital in the years 1849 and 1850. By Frederick E. Forbes, Commander R.N. 2 vols.

Parts I. and II. of the Pictorial Family Bible; with Original Notes. By Dr. Kitto.

Parts I. and II. of Leigh Hunt's Journal.